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PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

BE
FIRST

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

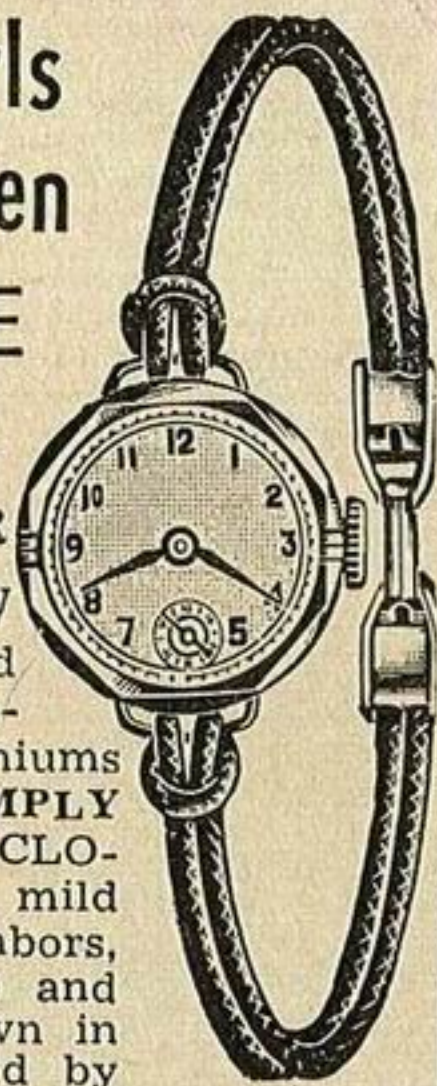
WE ARE
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

Act
Now

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.**



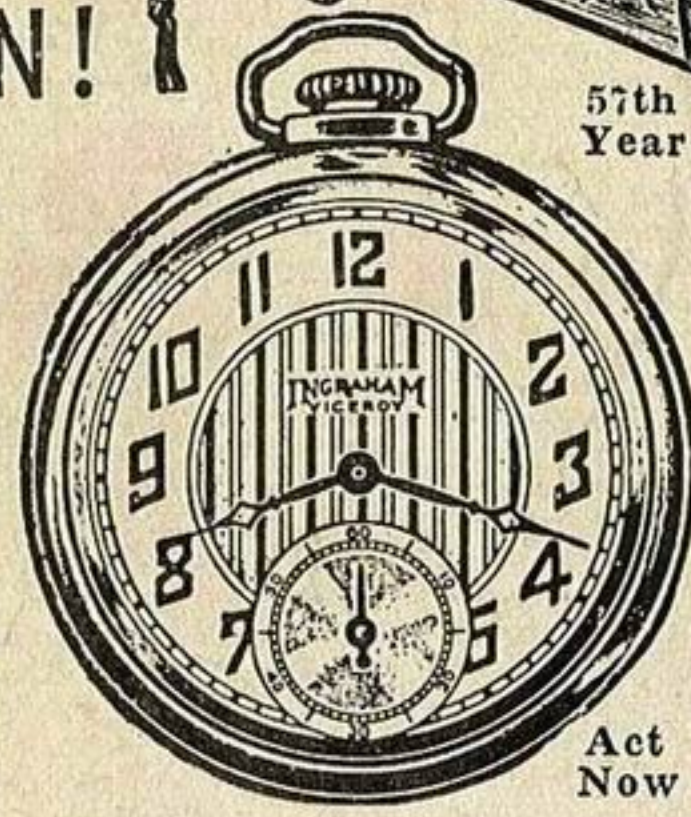
PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

WE ARE
RELIABLE

BOYS - GIRLS!
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.**



57th
Year

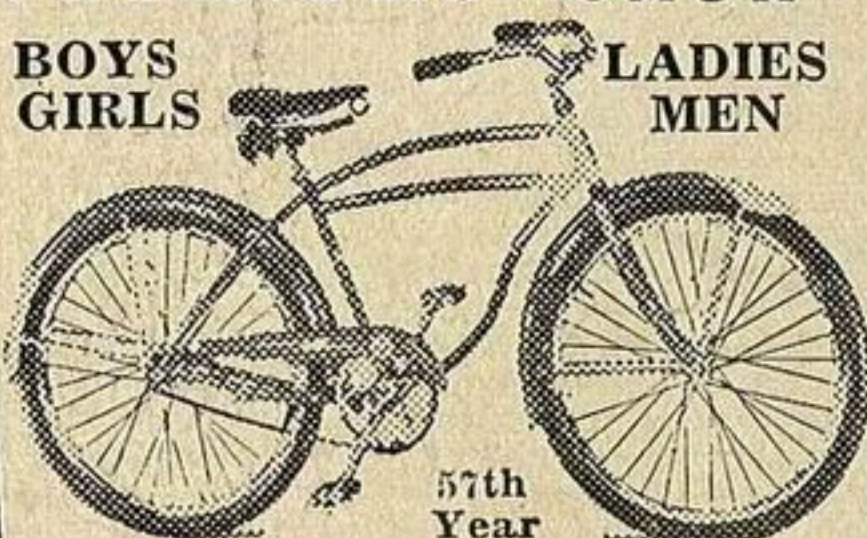
Act
Now

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS

LADIES
MEN



57th
Year

Boys - Girls! Genuine 22 cal. Rifles. Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today.

**WILSON CHEM. CO.,
Dept. T-27,
TYRONE, PA.**

Act
Now
Our
57th
Year
No
Money
Now

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Act
Now

OUR 57th YEAR



We are reliable. 57th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.

Footballs, Baseballs, Billfolds, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us.

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



Our 57th Year

Act Now

Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.

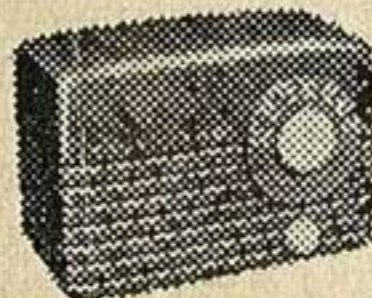
GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Ukuleles,
Radios,
Watches
(sent postage
paid). Other
Premiums or
Cash

Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Act now. Write or mail coupon today.

Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.



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OUR
57th
YEAR

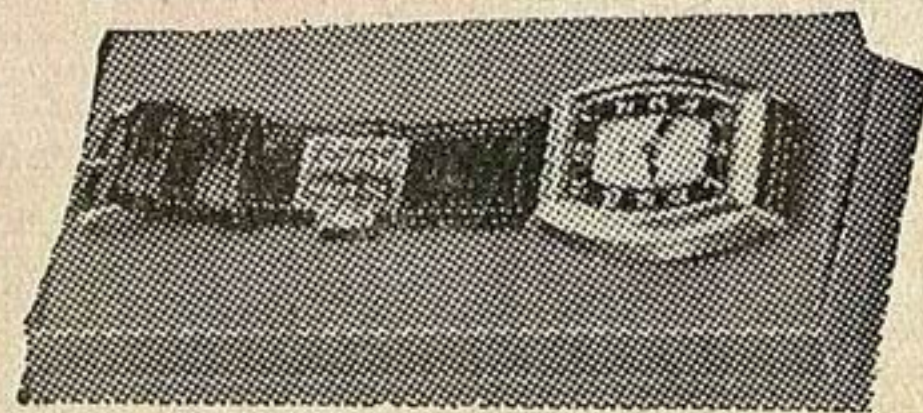
Act
Now

MAIL COUPON NOW

GIVEN-PREMIUMS-CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist, Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily

sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.**



MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....

St. RD..... Box.....

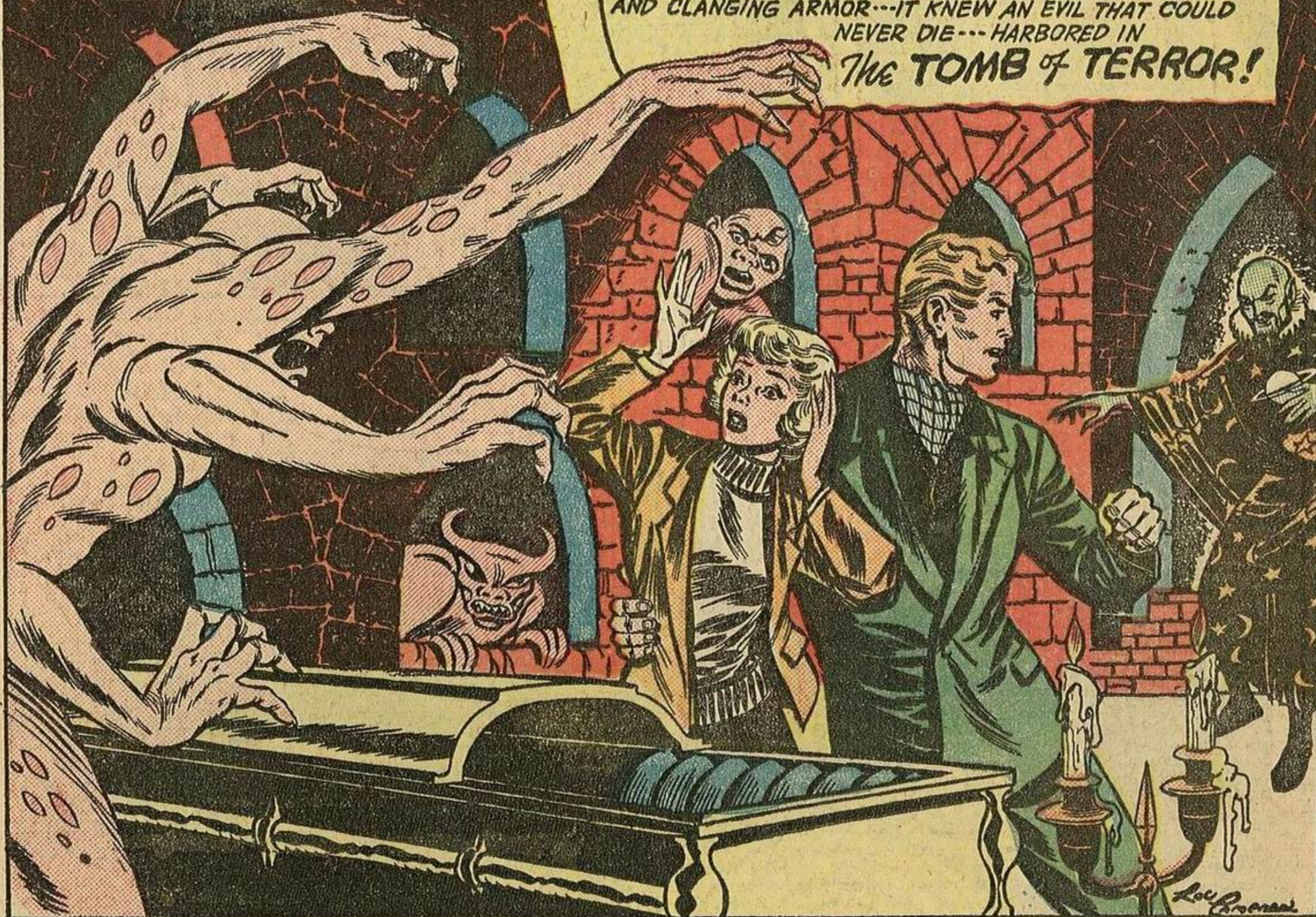
Town Zone..... No..... State.....

Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

The Tomb of Terror

ON MANY A RAW AND WINDY NIGHT, A TRAVELER IN NEED OF SHELTER HAS PAUSED AT THE STARING DOORWAY OF STORMWAY HALL...AND WITH A SHUDDER, HAS HURRIED ON! FOR THE OLD MANOR HELD MORE THAN MEMORIES AND THE ANCIENT ECHOES OF RUSTLING BROCADE AND CLANGING ARMOR...IT KNEW AN EVIL THAT COULD NEVER DIE...HARBORED IN
The Tomb of Terror!



LATE ONE NIGHT...AT AN OLD ENGLISH INN...

I'VE GOT REASONS FOR WANTING TO SPEND A FEW MORE DAYS HERE...BUT ACCORDING TO THIS ANTIQUE MAP, THERE ISN'T A SINGLE PLACE OF INTEREST IN THE DISTRICT! AND SINCE THERE'S **STILL** PLENTY TO SEE BEFORE I RETURN TO THE STATES NEXT WEEK...I'D BETTER CHECK OUT IN THE MORNING!



SUDDENLY...

THAT SOUNDS LIKE NANCY! I CAN'T GUESS WHAT SHE WANTS...BUT A WALK IN THE MOONLIGHT WILL MAKE IT A LOT EASIER TO SAY GOODBYE!



**DOCTOR!
DOCTOR!**

**NOK!
NOK!**



HELLO THERE!
I DON'T REMEMBER
MEETING YOU!

DOCTOR---YOU'VE
GOT TO COME TO
STORMWAY HALL!
HURRY---HURRY!



AS JIM DARTS INTO HIS
ROOM---

BLAZES! NANCY
PROMISED SHE'D KEEP
MY SECRET---AFTER I
TOLD HER HOW MUCH
I NEEDED A REST FROM
THESE EMERGENCY
CALLS!



SECONDS LATER---

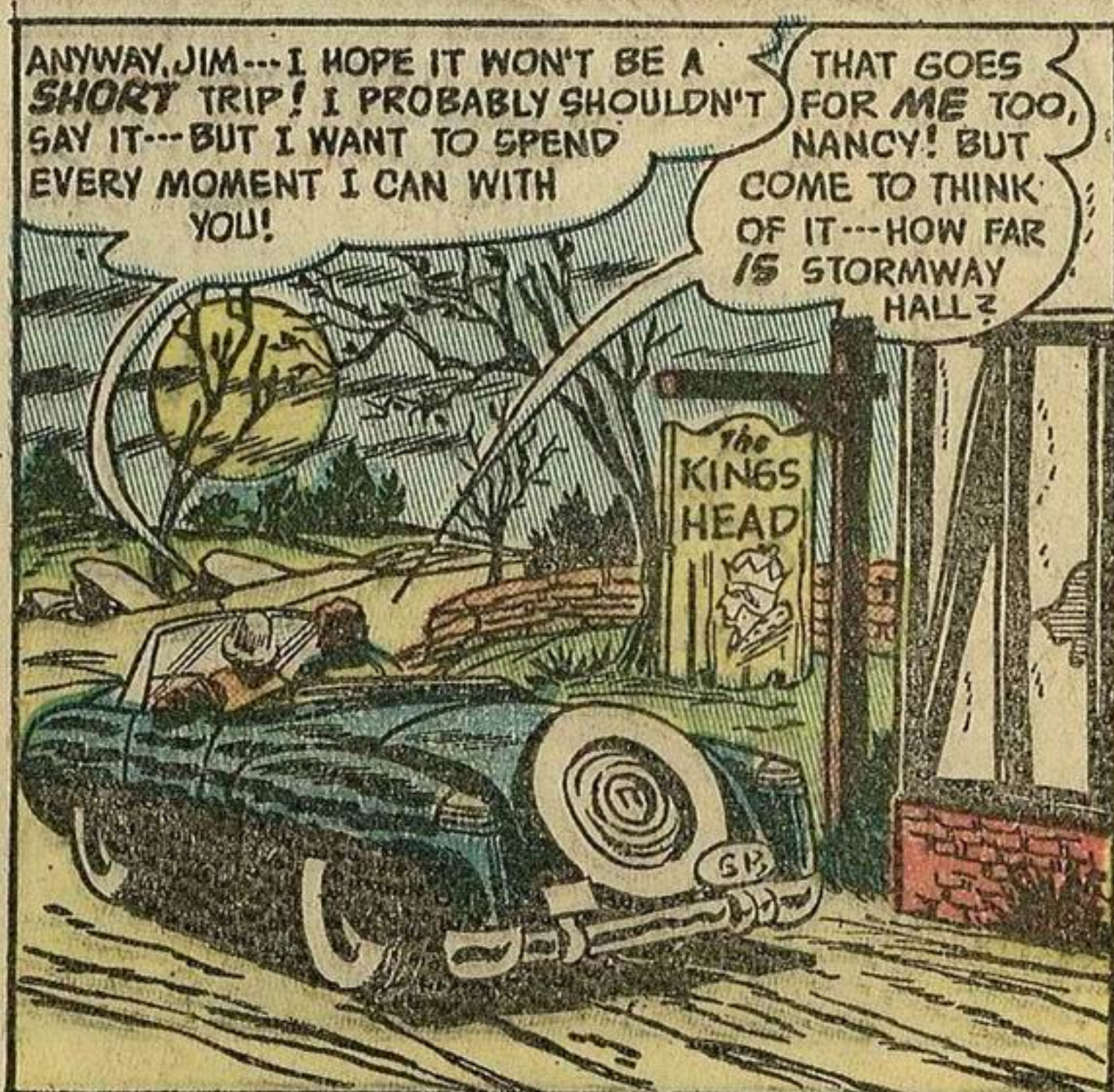
MY GOSH---SHE
COULDN'T HAVE
HURRIED OFF THAT
FAST---BUT WHERE
IS SHE?

JIM---I
HEARD VOICES!
IS ANYTHING
WRONG?



JUST A GIRL WANTING HELP IN A
HURRY! LOOK, HONEY---DID YOU
TELL ANYONE I'M A DOCTOR?

NOT A WORD, JIM---
HONESTLY! BUT LET
ME GO ALONG---
THERE MAY BE
SOMETHING I
CAN DO!



ANYWAY, JIM---I HOPE IT WON'T BE A
SHORT TRIP! I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T
SAY IT---BUT I WANT TO SPEND
EVERY MOMENT I CAN WITH
YOU!

THAT GOES
FOR ME TOO,
NANCY! BUT
COME TO THINK
OF IT---HOW FAR
IS STORMWAY
HALL?



STORMWAY HALL!
STOP THE CAR, JIM
---YOU CAN'T
GO THERE!

WHAT'S THE ANGLE? I
WASN'T LOOKING FOR
A PATIENT---BUT I
CERTAINLY CAN'T BACK
OUT NOW!

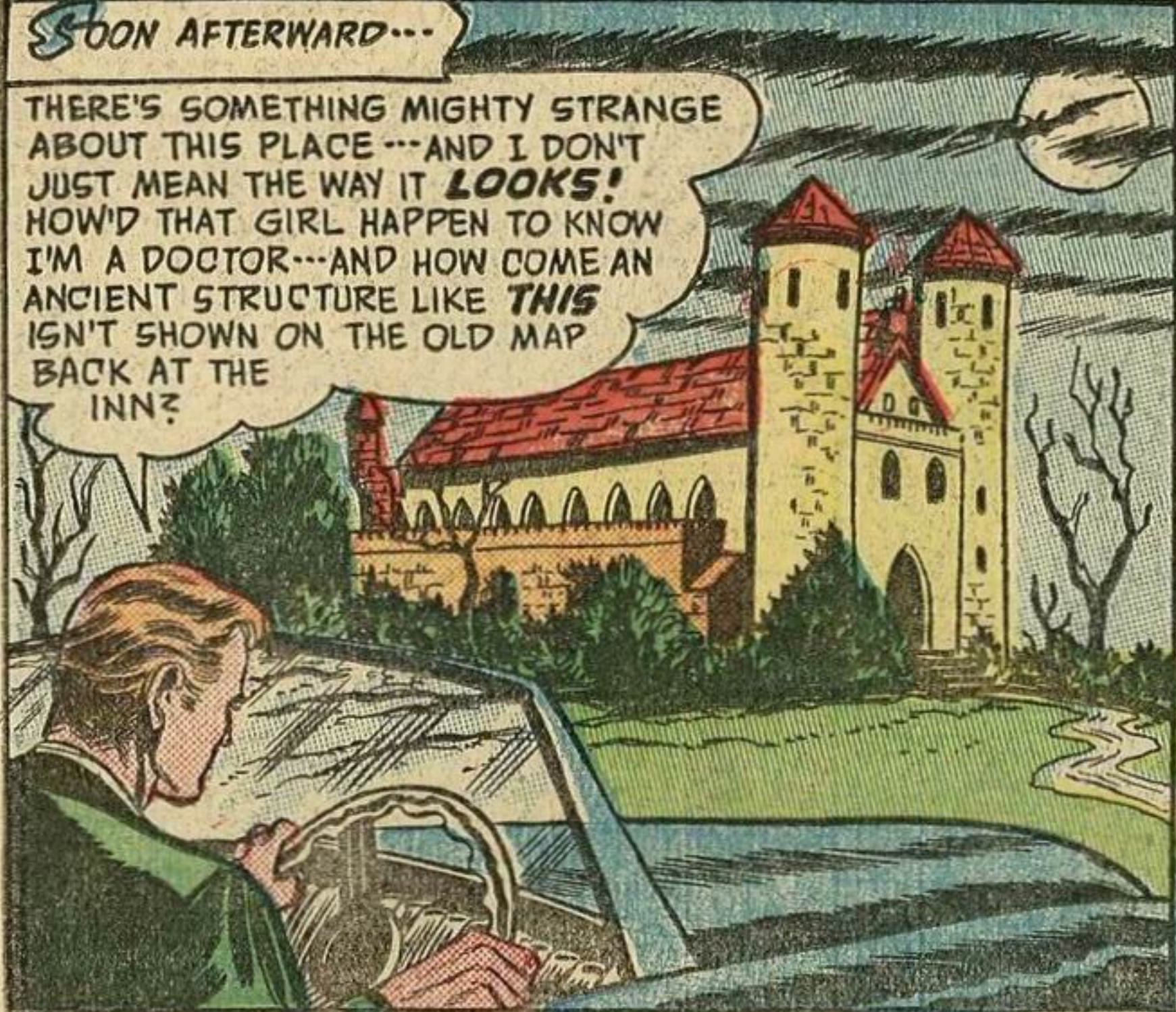


NANCY
---WAIT!

IF YOU **MUST** GO TO STORMWAY
HALL, JIM---IT'S A MILE UP THE
NEXT CROSS ROAD! BUT I COULDN'T
BEAR SETTING FOOT IN THE PLACE---
NOT EVEN WITH YOU!

SOON AFTERWARD...

THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE ABOUT THIS PLACE ---AND I DON'T JUST MEAN THE WAY IT **LOOKS!** HOW'D THAT GIRL HAPPEN TO KNOW I'M A DOCTOR---AND HOW COME AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE LIKE **THIS** ISN'T SHOWN ON THE OLD MAP BACK AT THE INN?



THEN---STANDING OUT AGAINST THE SHADOWED MASS OF STONE---

THAT PATCH OF LIGHT WASN'T THERE A SECOND AGO ---AND IT'S **GROWING---SWIRLING INTO A DEFINITE SHAPE!**



YE GODS--- **THAT'S** THE GIRL WHO CAME TO THE INN! BUT SHE ISN'T **ALIVE**--- **SHE'S THE GHOST OF SOMEONE WHO DIED CENTURIES AGO!**



I CAN SEE **NOW** WHY NANCY DREADS STORMWAY HALL! WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?

YOU COULD HAVE SAVED THE OLD CARE-TAKER, EVEN AFTER HE DIED---BUT IT'S TOO LATE! THEY'RE COMING FOR HIM---ANY SECOND ---AND YOU MUSTN'T GO IN!



HOLD IT! BEFORE YOU VANISH **AGAIN**---YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME SOME EXPLANATION! I CAN SENSE SOMETHING SINISTER HERE---**WHAT IS IT?**

THE TOMB OF TERROR! GO BACK... GO BACK!

AS THE GHOSTLY FIGURE FADES INTO THE DARKNESS---

THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY SHE WOULDN'T WAIT LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHO **THEY** ARE---**FEAR!** AND WHEN A **GHOST** IS AFRAID--- I'M INTERESTED IN LEARNING **WHY!**



GUESS **THAT'S** THE CARETAKER! THOSE CANDLES HAVEN'T BEEN BURNING LONG ---SO HE MUST HAVE DIED JUST A FEW MINUTES BEFORE I GOT HERE!





AS JIM MAKES A ROUTINE EXAMINATION---

FOOTSTEPS! THEY'RE SCUTTling ALONG THE CORRIDOR---AND WHATEVER THEY ARE---THOSE MUTTERING VOICES AREN'T ANYTHING HUMAN!



Then---
GREAT GUNS!



ANOTHER CORPSE IN STORMWAY HALL!

ANOTHER TOMB AWAITS OUR CALL!



A BODY PLACED WITHIN OUR TOMB---BECOMES LIKE US A FIEND OF DOOM!

THAT'S WHAT THE GHOST MEANT WHEN SHE SAID I COULD HAVE SAVED THE OLD MAN AFTER HE DIED! SHE WAS HOPING I'D AT LEAST GET HERE IN TIME TO PREVENT THIS!



WELL, YOU CREEPS---I'M STILL TAKING A STAB AT IT!



Then---WITH THE UNHOLY STRENGTH OF THINGS BEYOND THE GRAVE---

AS THE FIENDS MOVE OFF WITH THEIR GRISLY BURDEN---



ROOF AND ROOM SHALL HUMANS OWN... BUT THE VAULT OF STORMWAY IS OURS ALONE!

THOSE MONSTERS HAVE SOME KIND OF CLAIM ON THIS PLACE---AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I LEARN WHAT IT IS!



SUDDENLY---STABBING THE DARKNESS WITH AN EERIE GLOW---

THERE'S ANOTHER LIGHT---AND IT'S MOVING! I'M TAKING A BIG CHANCE---BUT IT COULD BE THE GHOST---TRYING TO LEAD ME SOMEWHERE!

A MOMENT LATER--ALONG A CORRIDOR RANK WITH MUSTY ODOR----

BUT AS THE UNCANNY GLOW HOVERS OVER THE MASSIVE BOLTS---

THAT CAN'T BE THE PLACE! THOSE OLD LOCKS LOOK AS IF THEY HAVEN'T BEEN OPENED FOR CENTURIES-- AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF A KEY!

GREAT GUNS! NOTHING UNLOCKED THOSE HASPS---BUT THEY'VE POPPED OPEN!

GLANK!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT---THIS IS THE KIND OF CHAMBER FORMERLY USED FOR BLACK MAGIC! THAT LIGHT'S TAKING SHAPE AGAIN--- SHE'LL GIVE ME THE ANSWER!

Then---IN A FLASH BRIMMING WITH EVIL---

CRRRAK!

HA-HA! DID YOU EXPECT HER---WHOSE ANCESTORS BURNED ME AS A SORCERER CENTURIES AGO? I CURSED THEIR CASTLE AND THE VAULT WITHIN WHICH THEY LAID ME---TURNING IT INTO A TOMB OF TERROR!

YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME---BUT I'M CURIOUS! HOW COME "TOMB OF TERROR?"

THAT WAS MY REVENGE ON THEM! THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO DIED AFTER ME, AND WERE LAID WITHIN THE VAULT--- I CHANGED THEM INTO FEARSOME FIENDS, OBEDIENT TO MY WILL!

IN FEAR, THE LOCAL PEASANTRY HAS AVOIDED STORMWAY HALL, AND WILL NOT EVEN MARK IT ON A MAP! THE GIRL WHOSE GHOST YOU SAW--- SHE WANDERED INTO THE TOMB OF TERROR, SAW MY FIENDS---AND FAINTED! AND HER PARENTS ENTOMBED HER THERE---IN THE CURSED VAULT---THINKING SHE WAS DEAD!

SHE STRUGGLED HELPLESSLY IN THOSE STIFLING CONFINES BEFORE HER FINAL GASP--- BUT THAT WAS HER SALVATION--- THE FIENDS COULD NOT CLAIM A SPIRIT THAT HAD BEEN ENTOMBED ALIVE!

BUT THE FIENDS **STILL** WAIT TO CARRY BODIES INTO THE **TOMB OF TERROR**... THE BODIES OF CARETAKERS TOO OLD TO KNOW FEAR... THE BODIES OF FOOLS LIKE **YOU!**

HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOUR JABBERING FRIENDS --- BUT I'M NOT THE TYPE THAT CAN BE **SCARED** TO DEATH!

PERHAPS NOT... BUT HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO **STARVE?**

JIM LUNGES... AN INSTANT TOO LATE!

BLAZES! THE HASPS ARE GRATING SHUT... I'M **LOCKED IN!**

THAT CREEP HAD THE RIGHT IDEA... A PERSON **COULD** STARVE IN A TRAP LIKE THIS! BUT THERE'S ONE THING HE'S FORGETTING... **THAT GIRL ISN'T EVIL... SHE'S SURE TO HELP ME!**

MINUTES LATER...

TALK ABOUT HUNCHES... **THERE SHE IS NOW!**

I'VE NEVER DARED GO IN BEFORE... BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT JIM... I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

GOOD LORD... IT'S **NANCY!** AND THOSE THINGS... **WATCH OUT!**

WE SPARE NONE... WE CLAIM ALL WHO COME TO DIE IN STORMWAY HALL!

OH!

THOSE FIENDS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE INTERESTED ONLY IN THE **DEAD!** THAT MEANS THEY'D HAVE ONLY ONE REASON FOR DRAGGING NANCY TO THE **TOMB OF TERROR**...THEY PLAN TO **KILL HER!**



SUDDENLY...FLOODING THE MUSTY CHAMBER WITH A THROBBING LIGHT...

THIS TIME...IT **MUST** BE HER! IF THERE'S ANY WAY TO HELP NANCY...IT'S GOT TO COME FROM THE **BEYOND!**



I TRIED TO WARN YOU! **NOW** THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO...THE FIENDS HAVE A LIVING HOSTAGE... **SOMEONE WHO WILL DIE HORRIBLY IF I INTERFERE!**

BUT CAN'T YOU SEE THAT NANCY WILL BE DOOMED **ANYWAY**...UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING? WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE...AND GET HER OUT OF THE **TOMB OF TERROR!**



Then... WITH A LIGHT TOUCH OF THE GHOSTLY FINGERS...

I CAN HELP YOU ESCAPE...FROM **HERE!** BUT ONCE YOU ENTER THE VAULT, YOU WILL BE IN THE UNHOLY PLACE WHERE **THEY** RULE...**YOU WILL BE AT THEIR MERCY!**

AT LEAST NANCY WON'T BE FACING THEM **ALONE!** I'M READY TO FACE THOSE DEMONS ON MY OWN HOOK...**JUST SHOW ME WHERE TO FIND THEM!**



MOMENTS LATER...IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF STORMWAY HALL...

THERE IS WHAT YOU SEEK...THE **TOMB OF TERROR!** BUT BEFORE YOU ENTER...**MAKE SURE YOU CAN FACE WHAT YOU WILL FIND INSIDE!**

IT WON'T MATTER! I'LL FACE **ANY-THING**...FOR **HER** SAKE!



YE GODS...**NANCY!**



SHE **CAN'T** BE DEAD! NOT IN A SPOT LIKE **THIS**...**CRAWLING WITH THINGS THAT WILL HOLD HER SPIRIT FOREVER!**

HA HA HA!



THEN...FILLING THE DANK CHAMBER WITH THE STIFLING TOUCH OF EVIL...

DO YOU THINK ANYONE LEAVES THE TOMB OF TERROR **ALIVE**? SHE HAS FAINTED, AS **ANOTHER** VICTIM FAINTED CENTURIES AGO...BUT **THIS** TIME WE WILL NOT BE CHEATED! THIS TIME HER SPIRIT WILL BE **OURS**...BECAUSE SHE WILL BE KILLED BEFORE SHE IS SEALED IN HER WAITING TOMB!

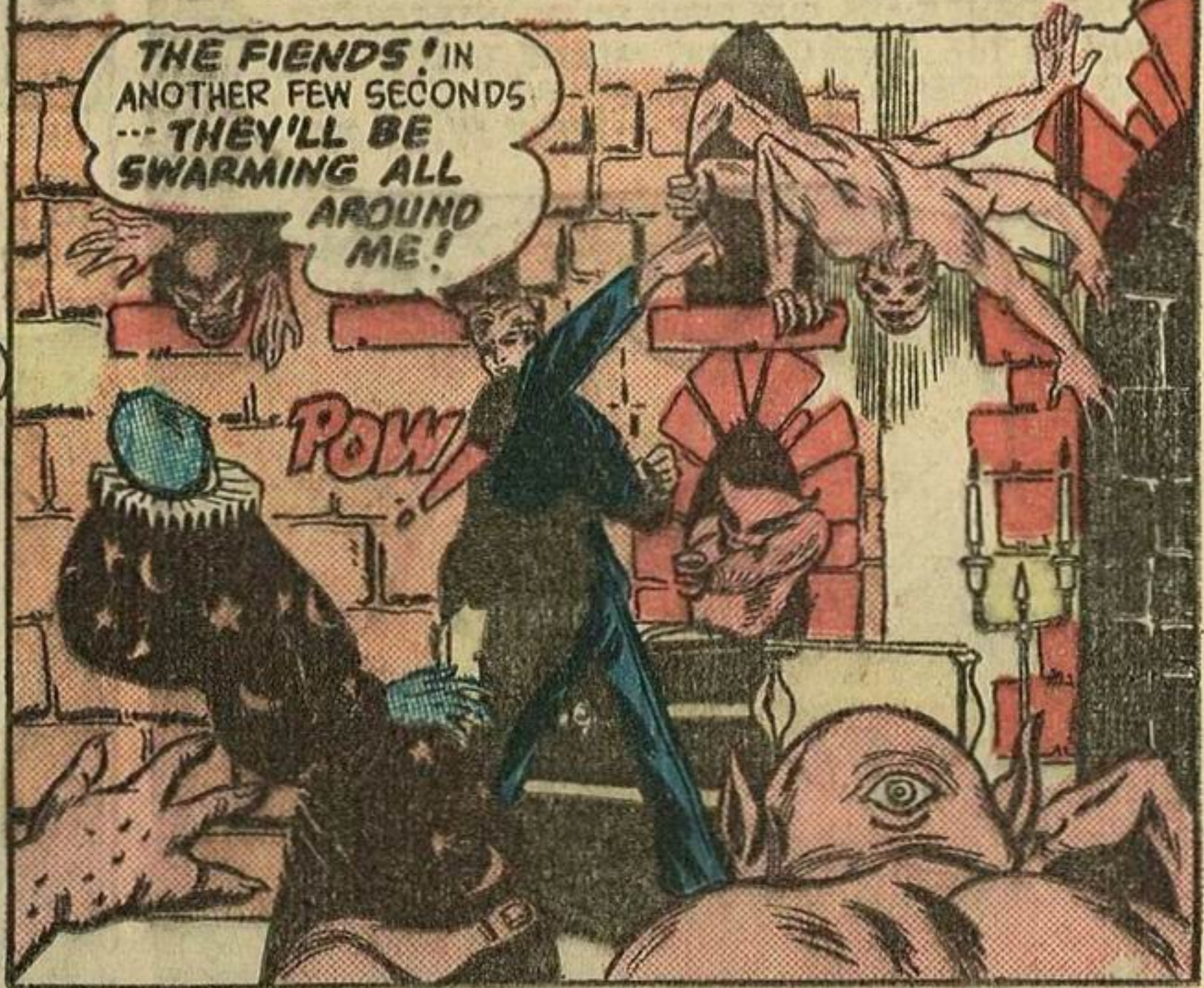
THAT'S GOING TO BE A BIG ORDER, CREEPS! TRY IT... AND FIND OUT!



SUDDENLY...AS THE Gaping WALL BRISTLES WITH A NEW HORROR...

THE FIENDS! IN ANOTHER FEW SECONDS...THEY'LL BE SWARMING ALL AROUND ME!

POW!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

NOW OUR VICTIMS SHALL BE TWO!

THE FIRST IS HER...THE SECOND YOU!



AS JIM RUSHES FROM STORMWAY HALL...WITH THE DREAD PURSUERS CLOSING IN...

NEVER BEFORE HAS THIS UNHOLY PACK LEFT THE TOMB OF TERROR! AND NEVER BEFORE HAVE I HAD A CHANCE LIKE **THIS**...A CHANCE TO DESTROY THEIR LAIR OF EVIL!



THEN...AS A RUDDY GLARE MOUNTS ABOVE THE STARK WALLS...

THANK HEAVEN THEY'VE STOPPED...I CAN'T GO MUCH FURTHER!

FIENDS...LOOK! SHE'S AT THE WINDOW...LAUGHING...LAUGHING AGAINST THE FLAMES!



THE TOMB OF TERROR...OUR ONLY REFUGE...IT'S BEING PURGED BY FIRE!

BAAGH!



FOR A MOMENT, FAINT LAUGHTER RINGS ABOVE THE ROARING FLAMES...AND THEN STORMWAY HALL COLLAPSES INTO A SEETHING SHELL!

THIS ENDS THE CURSE OF THE **TOMB OF TERROR**, JIM...BUT I'LL ALWAYS SHUDDER WHENEVER I PASS THESE JAGGED, BLACKENED WALLS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PREVENT **THAT**, HONEY! SUPPOSE YOU NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN...SUPPOSE I ASK THE QUESTION THAT'S BEEN ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE...SUPPOSE WE LEAVE FOR THE STATES **TOGETHER**?



THE END!

8.

THE MERMAN MENACE

ANCIENT LEGENDS THRONE WITH STRANGE TALES OF MERMAIDS AND MERMEN... AND WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE! HERE'S AN ASTOUNDING STORY OF A WEIRD DENIZEN OF THE DEEP... A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE EERIE DISCOVERY OF A SUBMARINE'S CREW! READ IT... AND CHILL!



SINCE WE'RE NEARING OUR DESTINATION, LIEUTENANT, I CAN TELL YOU NOW WHAT OUR SECRET ORDERS ARE! OUR DETECTING INSTRUMENTS ON THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS RECORDED AN UNDERWATER ATOMIC EXPLOSION A FEW DAYS AGO AT A SPOT 200 MILES OFF THE SIBERIAN COAST... AND THIS SUBMARINE HAS BEEN ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE THE SITE!

BUT THIS IS NOWHERE NEAR OUR ATOMIC PROVING GROUNDS, CAPTAIN WADE... SO THE REDS MUST HAVE DETONATED THAT ATOM BOMB!

THAT'S RIGHT, LIEU...
... **GREAT SCOTT**
... **LOOK AT THAT MONSTROUS TAIL!**

IT... IT MUST BE A **MIRAGE!**
NOTHING **THAT** SIZE COULD EXIST!



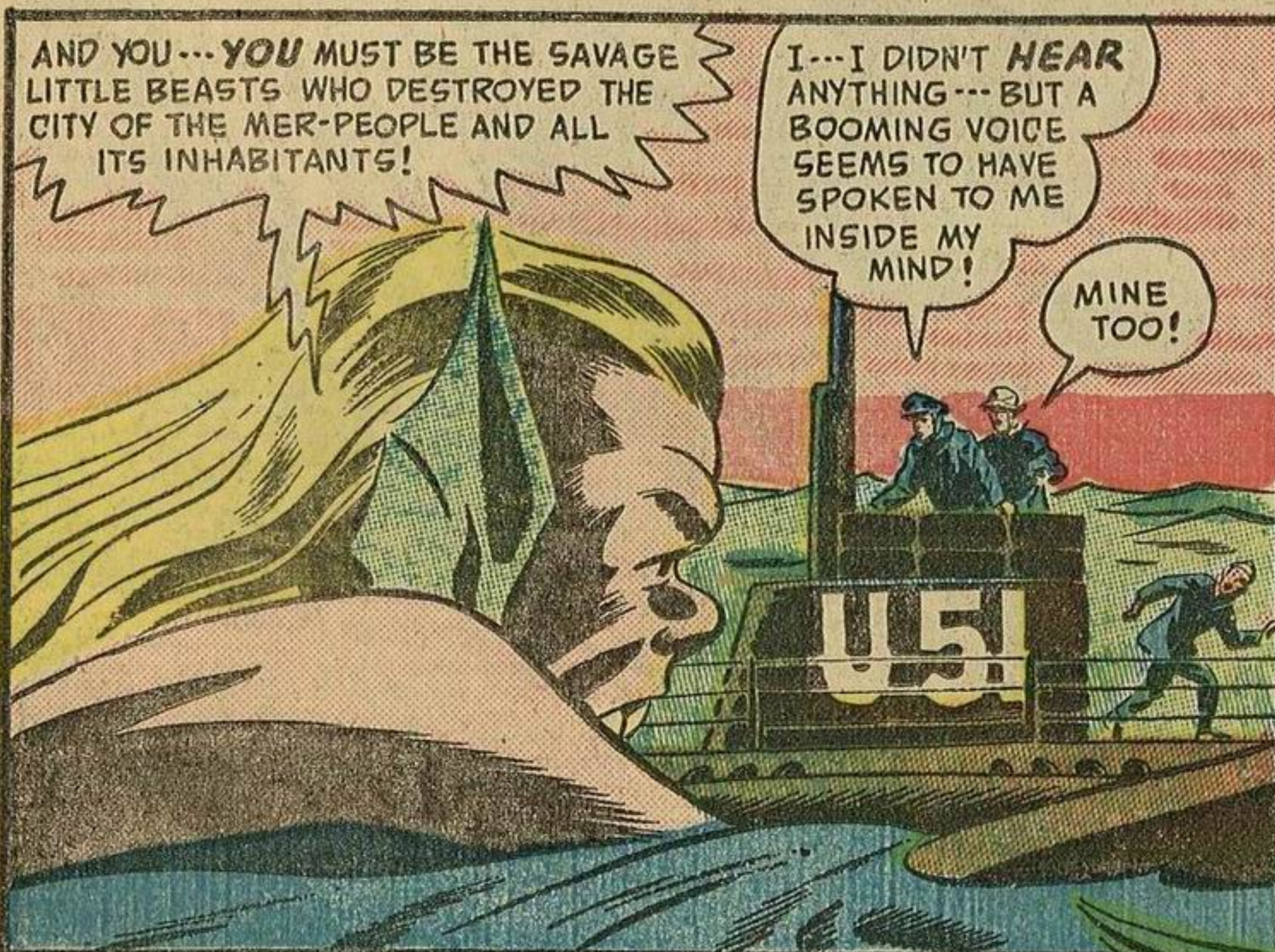


IT'S...NOT A MIRAGE
...IT'S A **NIGHTMARE!**
THAT GIGANTIC HEAD...
IT'S **HUMAN!**



WHAT...WHAT DO YOU
FIGURE IT IS...SOME
PREHISTORIC MONSTER?

NO, NOT THAT!
IT'S **INCREDIBLE**
...BUT WE'VE RUN
INTO A **GIANT,**
MERMAN!



AND YOU...**YOU** MUST BE THE SAVAGE
LITTLE BEASTS WHO DESTROYED THE
CITY OF THE MER-PEOPLE AND ALL
ITS INHABITANTS!

I...I DIDN'T **HEAR**
ANYTHING...BUT A
BOOMING VOICE
SEEMS TO HAVE
SPOKEN TO ME
INSIDE MY
MIND!

MINE
TOO!

OF COURSE...WE MER-PEOPLE HAVE
DEVELOPED THE ARTS OF READING
MINDS AND CONVERSING TELE-
PATHICALLY...SINCE SPEECH IS
IMPOSSIBLE UNDERWATER! IT
WAS **YOUR** RACE WHICH DETONATED
THAT DEVICE YOU CALL AN ATOM-
BOMB! YOU DESTROYED MY CITY
AND MY PEOPLE...AND FOR THAT
YOU WILL **DIE!**

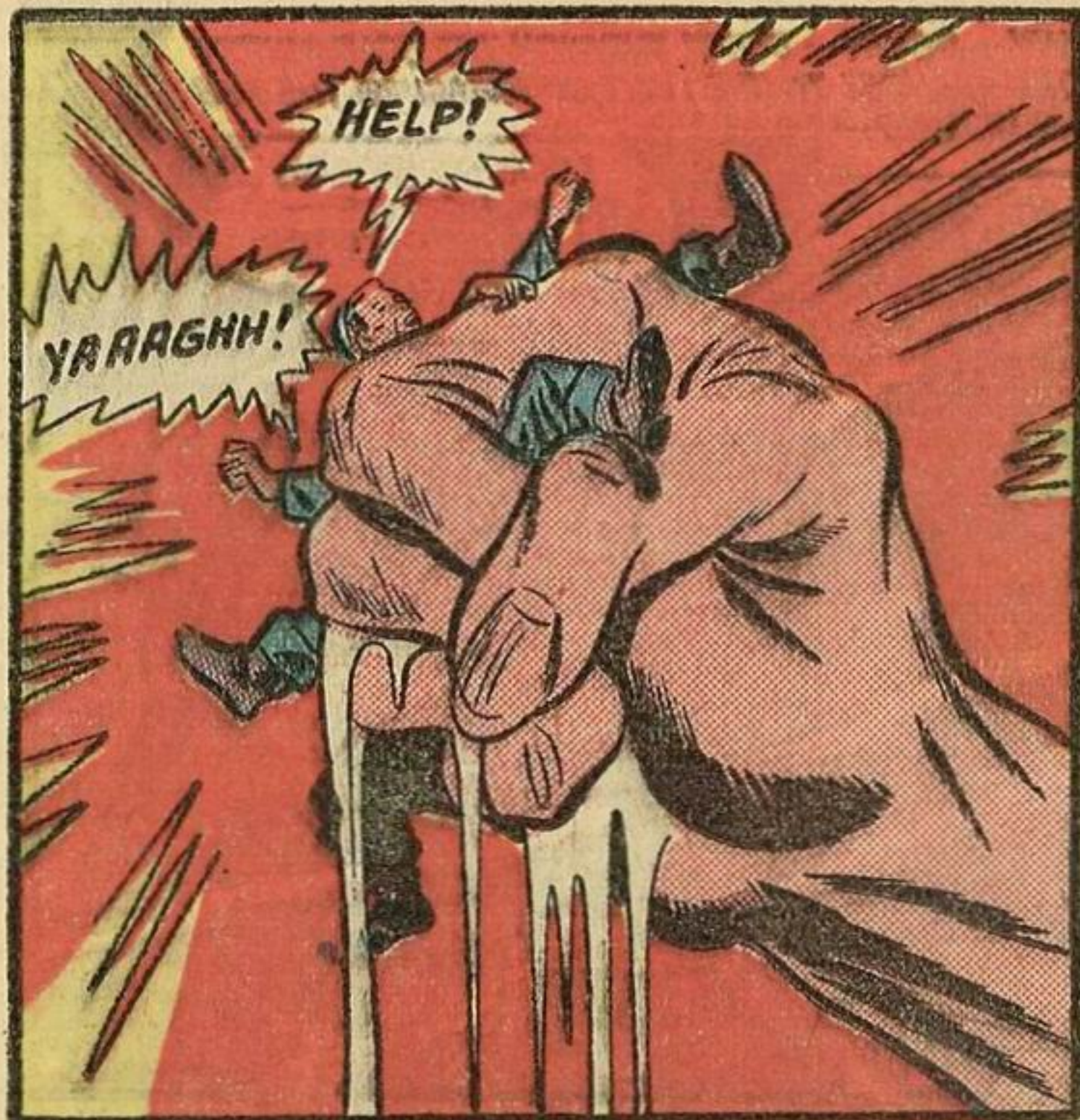


WAIT...WE'RE **AMERICANS**...
IT WAS **ANOTHER** NATION
THAT SET OFF THE UNDER-
WATER EXPLOSION!

I KNOW NOTHING OF
NATIONS! ALL OF US
MER-PEOPLE WERE ALIKE,
AND WE KNOW THAT ALL
FISHES OF THE SAME SPECIES
ARE ALIKE...SO ALL OF YOU
HUMANS MUST BE ALIKE!
AND NOW I EXACT MY
REVENGE!



WHAM!



BUT WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS---



WAIT---A THOUGHT MESSAGE FROM THE MERMAN!

FIRST I WILL TAKE YOU DOWN TO MY CITY AND SHOW YOU THE DEVASTATION YOUR BOMB CAUSED! AND THEN I WILL CRACK THE HULL OF YOUR SHIP LIKE AN EGG---AND DEVOUR YOU ONE BY ONE!



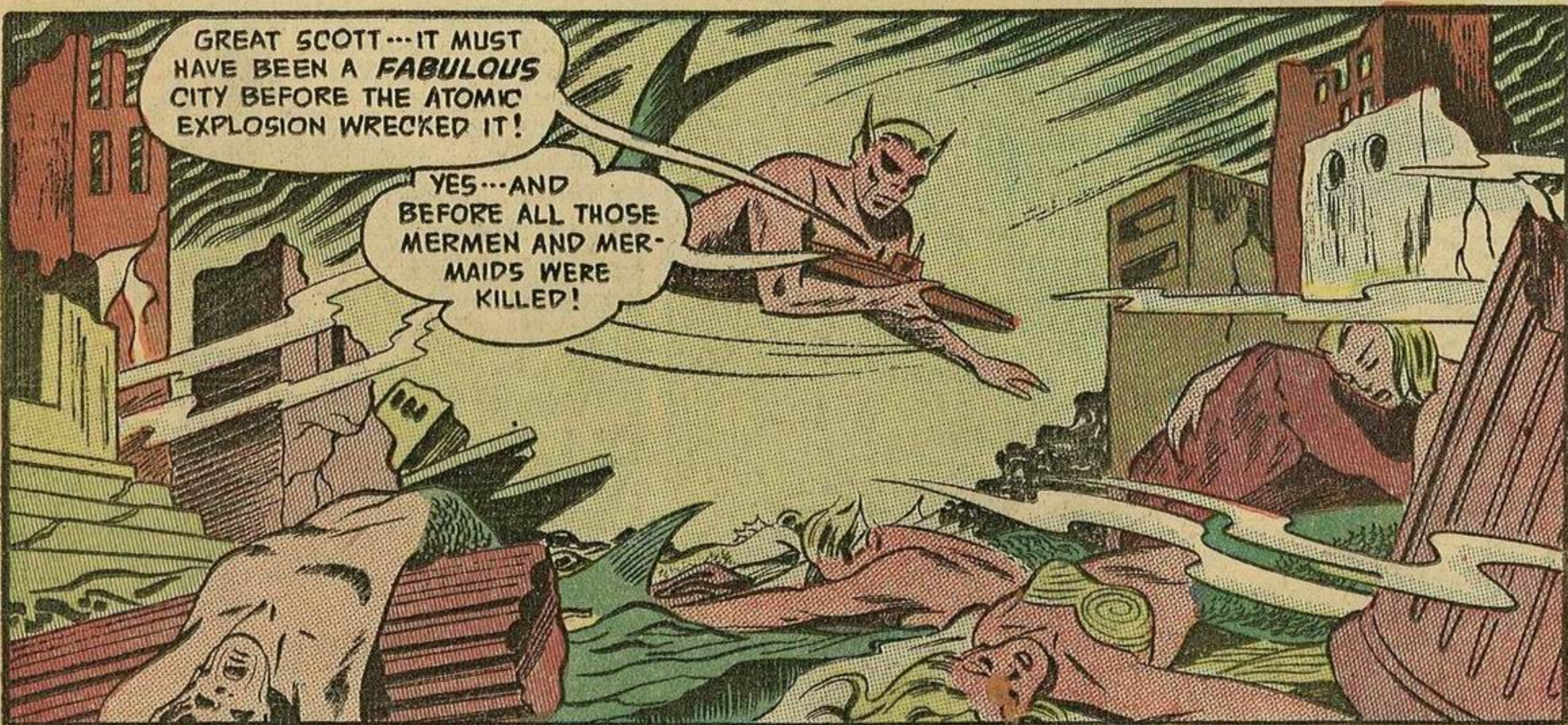
DOWN...DOWN...DOWN THROUGH THE COLD, MURKY DEPTHS---ALMOST TO THE LIMIT OF PRESSURE THE SUB CAN WITHSTAND---

LOOK---THROUGH THE PERISCOPE---AN UNDERWATER CITY!



GREAT SCOTT---IT MUST HAVE BEEN A **FABULOUS** CITY BEFORE THE ATOMIC EXPLOSION WRECKED IT!

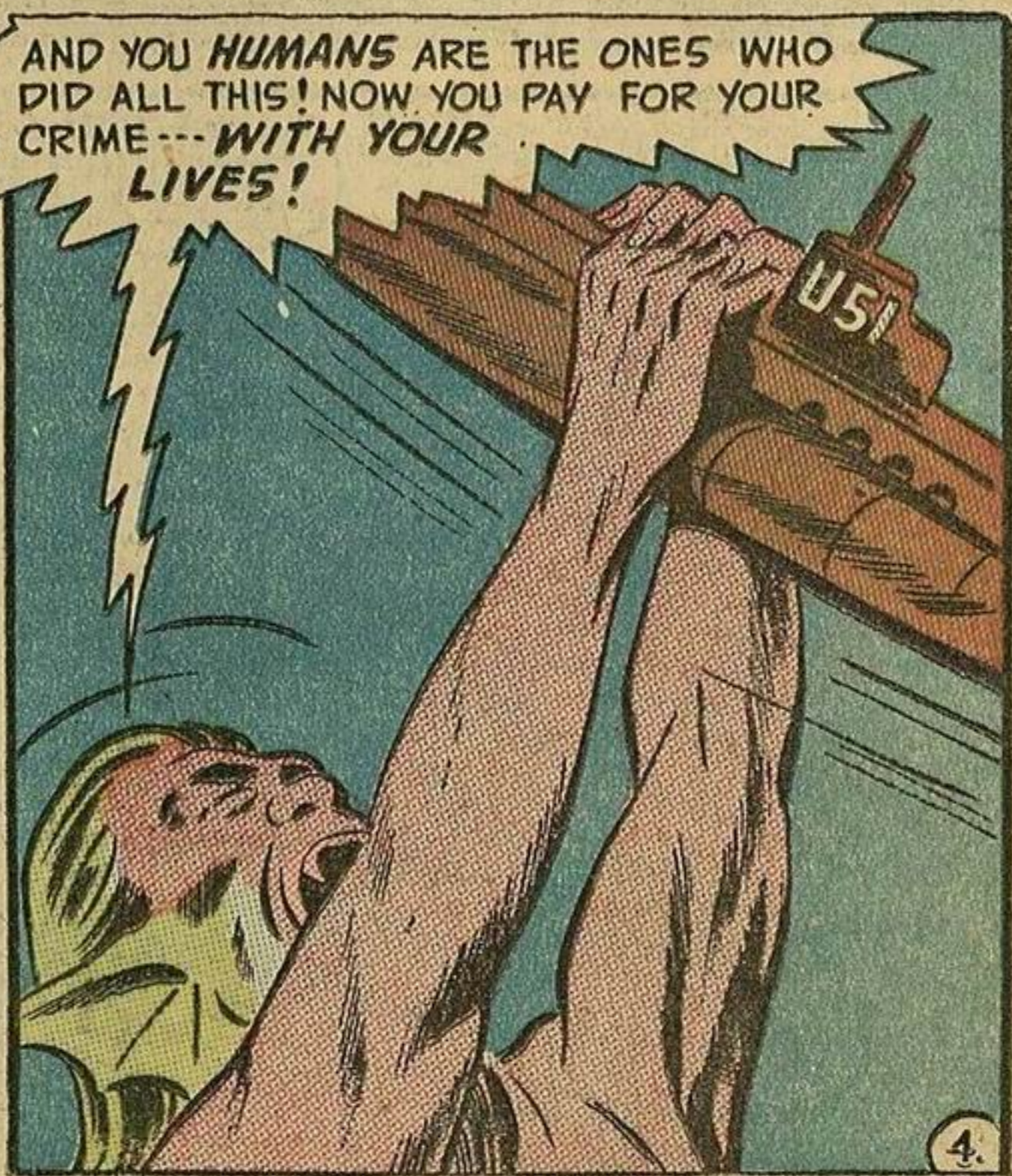
YES---AND BEFORE ALL THOSE MERMEN AND MERMAIDS WERE KILLED!



AYE, THEY ARE ALL DEAD---I AM THE ONLY ONE OF MY ANCIENT RACE TO SURVIVE! AND THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE I WAS HUNTING FOR WHALES A FEW HUNDRED MILES AWAY AT THE TIME OF THE EXPLOSION! ALL THE MER-PEOPLE WHO WERE NOT KILLED OUTRIGHT DIED SOON AFTERWARDS FROM STRANGE POISONS IN THE WATER---POISONS UNDOUBTEDLY CAUSED BY YOUR BOMB!



AND YOU **HUMANS** ARE THE ONES WHO DID ALL THIS! NOW YOU PAY FOR YOUR CRIME---WITH YOUR LIVES!





THE HULL'S CRACKING!
IT'S GIVING WAY!

WATER'S STARTING
TO COME IN! WE...
WE'LL DROWN
'LIKE
RATS!



BUT JUST THEN---

OHhhh!

SMASH!



WHA... WHAT
HAPPENED?

ANOTHER
SUB JUST KNOCKED
THE MERMAN OUT...THEY'RE
FASTENING GRAPPLING IRONS
ONTO IT! QUICK...SEND THEM
A RADIO FLASH THAT WE'RE
TAKING WATER FAST AND
MUST BE TOWED TO THE
SURFACE IMMEDIATELY!



MINUTES LATER, ABOARD THE OTHER
SUBMARINE...

SO THE AMERICANS WISH
TO BE RESCUED, EH? RADIO
THEM THAT WE WILL TOW THEM
TO THE SURFACE ONLY IF THEY
JETTISON THEIR REMAINING
TORPEDOES...AND CON-
SIDER THEMSELVES OUR
PRISONERS!

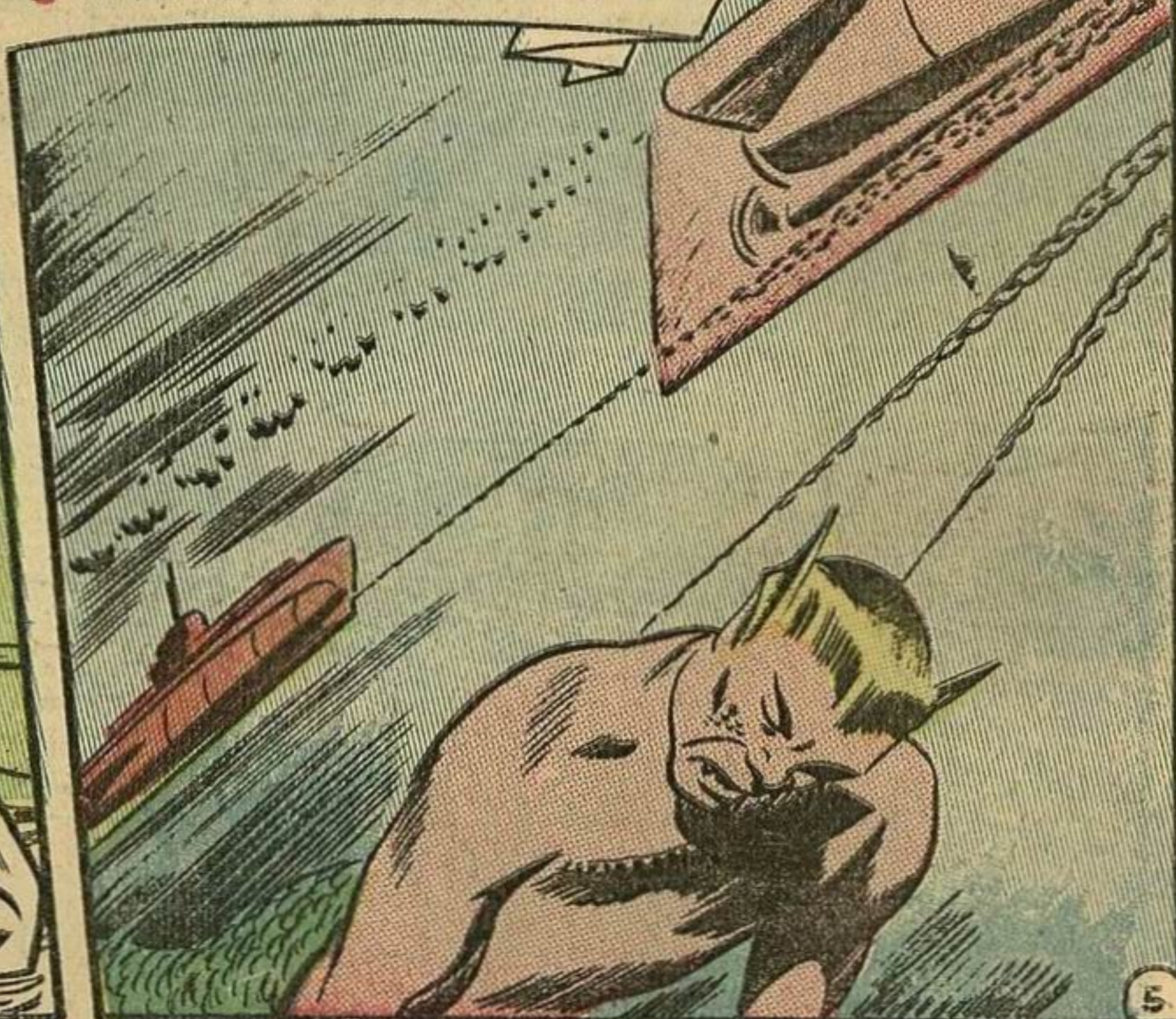


WHEN THE ANSWER CRACKLES BACK---

THEY...THEY WANT
US TO SURRENDER!
IT'S A RED SUB-
MARINE!

WE HAVE NO CHOICE
...IT'S EITHER DIE LIKE
RATS OR DO AS THEY
SAY! AT LEAST WE'LL
FIND OUT WHAT THEIR
GAME IS ONCE WE'RE
UP ON THE SUR-
FACE!

THEN, UP THROUGH THE MURKY DEPTHS...



THROW YOUR SMALL ARMS OVERBOARD IMMEDIATELY!

BETTER DO IT, BOYS--- WITHOUT TORPEDOES, WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM!

NOW QUICKLY, COMRADES---GET OUT THE COMPLETE STOCK OF ANAESTHETICS AND SEDATIVES---FROM OUR MEDICAL SUPPLIES---AND START INJECTING ALL OF IT INTO THE MERMAN! WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF HAVING HIM REVIVE FROM THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD BEFORE WE REACH OUR SIBERIAN BASE!

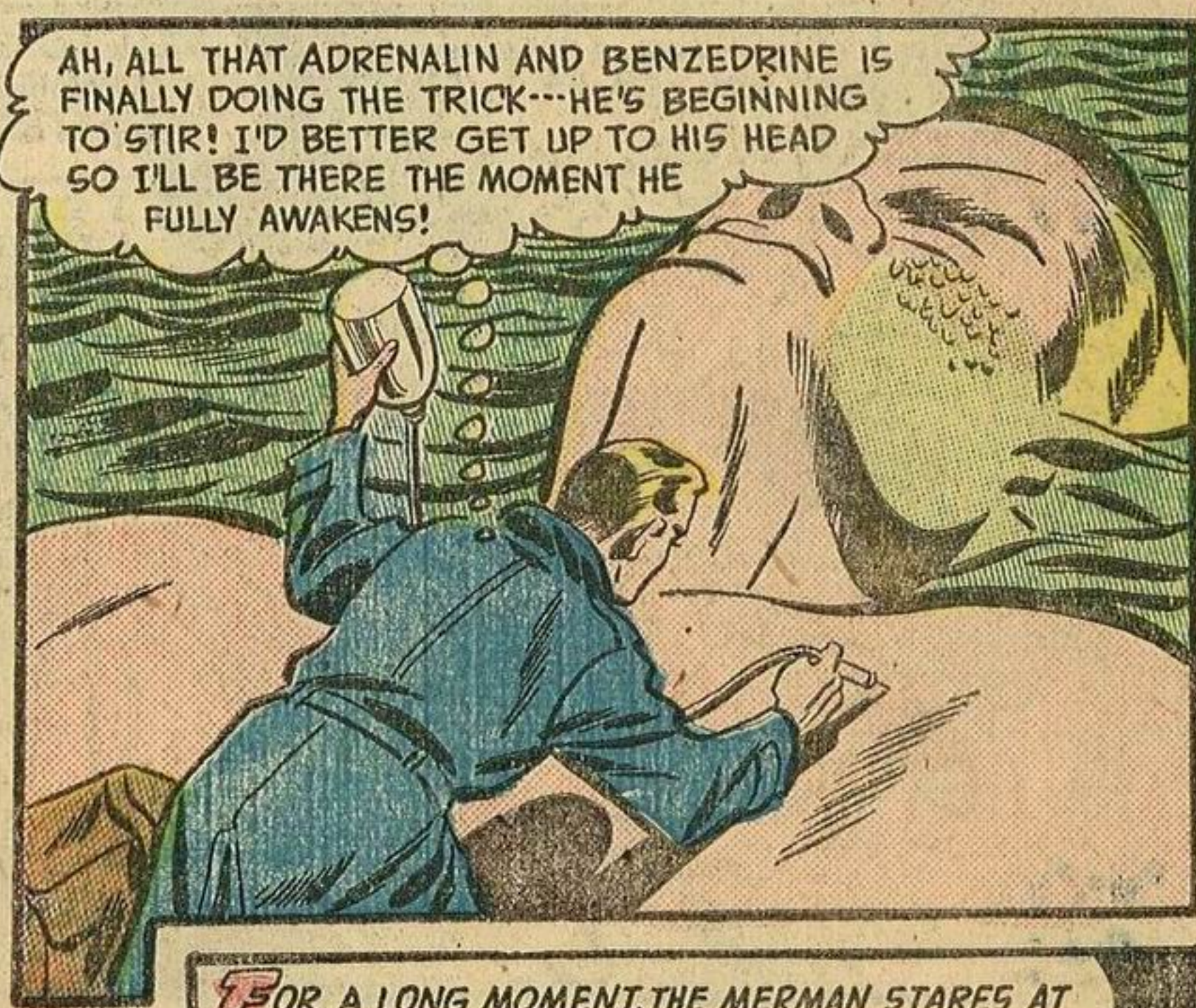
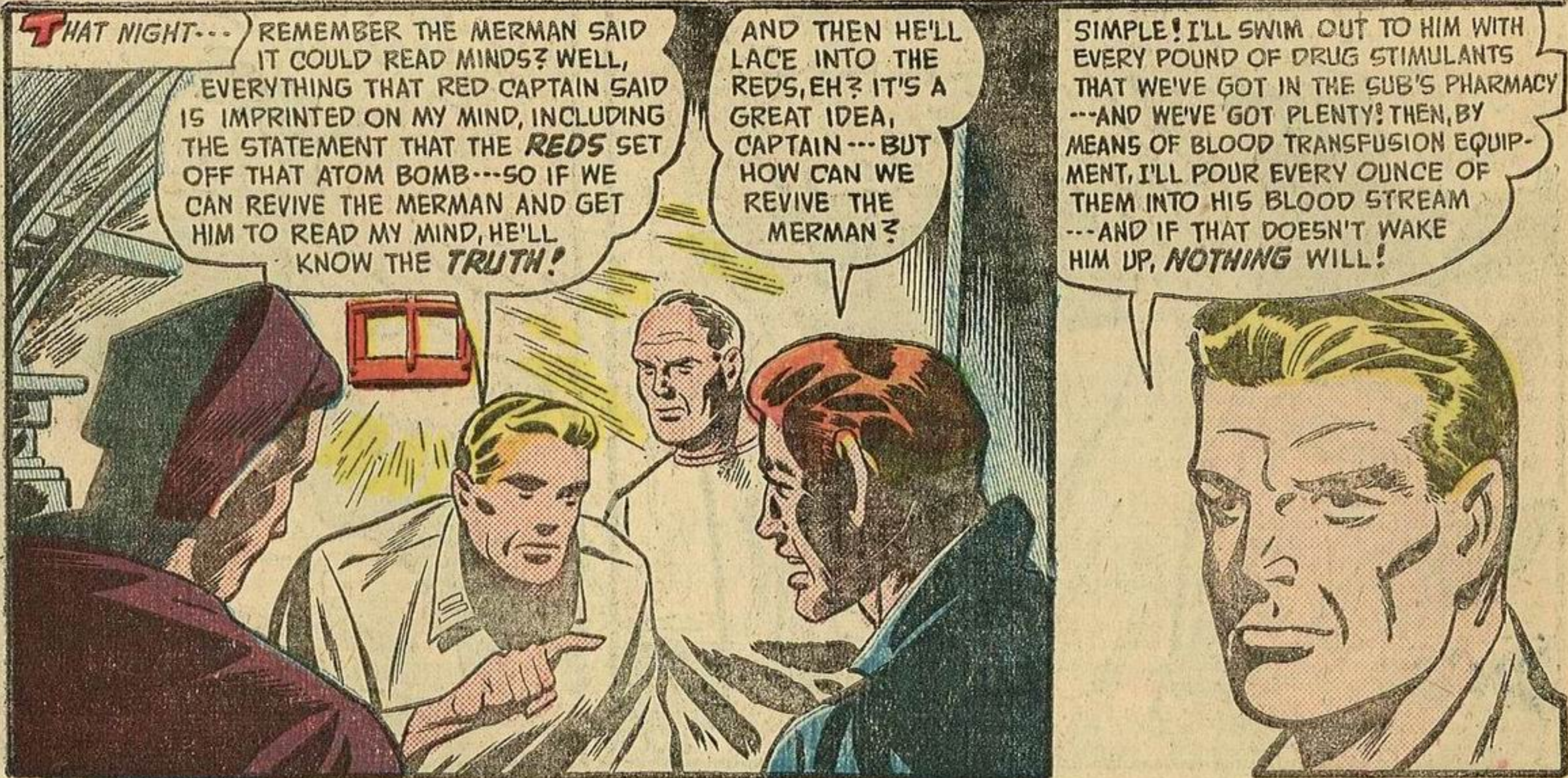
GOOD---ALL THOSE DRUG INJECTIONS OUGHT TO KEEP HIM UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL WE'RE READY TO MAKE **USE** OF HIM!

YOU WERE THE ONES WHO DISCOVERED THE MERMAN, BUT HE WILL BECOME **OUR** SLAVE! WE WERE A FEW MILES AWAY FROM YOU, INVESTIGATING THE RESULTS OF OUR ATOM-BOMB EXPLOSION, WHEN WE HEARD THE MERMAN'S THOUGHTS ECHOING IN OUR MINDS---APPARENTLY HIS THOUGHT MESSAGES CARRY QUITE FAR! REALIZING OUR CHANCE, WE TRACKED HIM DOWN AND KNOCKED HIM OUT!

NOW WE WILL TOW HIM TO OUR SIBERIAN BASE, WHERE HE WILL BE INDOCTRINATED WITH A HATRED OF AMERICANS! WE WILL TELL HIM THAT IT WAS A **U.S.** ATOM BOMB THAT DESTROYED HIS PEOPLE--- AND HE WILL THEN BE INVALUABLE TO US IN DESTROYING AMERICAN SHIPPING AND PLANTING ATOMIC MINES IN YOUR HARBORS! HE WILL BE ABLE TO DEFY ALL DETECTING DEVICES, SINCE HE'S NOT MADE OF METAL---AND SO WILL BE INVULNERABLE!

BUT ENOUGH OF TALK---NOW WE HEAD FOR OUR BASE! AND IF YOU TRY TO CUT THE TOWING CHAIN DURING THE NIGHT, YOU WILL BE IMMEDIATELY TORPEDOED!

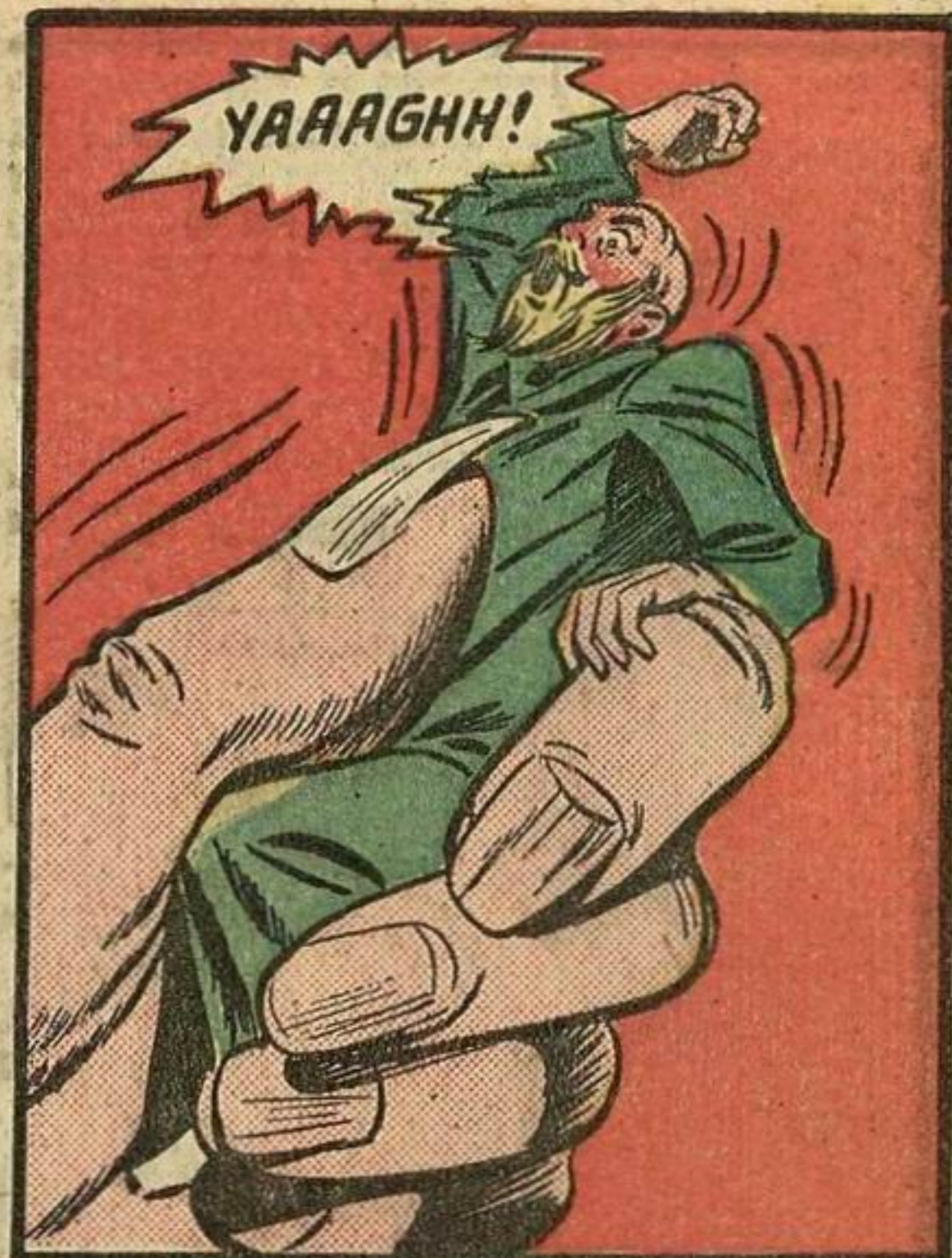
WAIT TILL NIGHTFALL---I'VE GOT A PLAN!





YOU ARE THE ONES WHO DESTROYED MY PEOPLE AND MY CITY!

HELP!



YAAAGHH!



WELL DONE, MERMAN...ANY TIME YOU WANT A COMMISSION IN THE AMERICAN NAVY AS A **BATTLESHIP**, JUST LET ME KNOW!

I SEE NOW THAT I ALMOST MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, MY AMERICAN FRIEND...AND I THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME KNOW THE TRUTH BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!



AND NOW THAT I HAVE AVENGED THE DESTRUCTION OF MY CITY AND PEOPLE, I MUST LEAVE YOU! PERHAPS THERE IS A MERMAID SOMEWHERE IN THE OCEAN---ONE WHO WANDERED AWAY AS I DID, AND THUS SURVIVED THE BOMB! AND IF MY RACE DOES SURVIVE, I WILL SURFACE AGAIN SOMETIME AND VISIT YOUR COUNTRY---AND THIS TIME, I WILL KNOW WHICH HUMANS TO TRUST AND HELP!



FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS...UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!

GOODBYE... FRIEND!

THE END 8.

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**FORBIDDEN
WORLDS**
EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

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NIGHT



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ROCKET for TWO

"OH, SHE'S SO dull," moaned Henry Bostwick. "I...I just hate to go home...she's so awfully, boringly, stupidly dull!"

"Who is?"

"My wife, of c...bub? Who are you... where did you come from?" Henry said, gaping at the dark, saturnine man who had so mysteriously appeared from nowhere on the dark, deserted street.

"My name and my manner of appearing unto you are unimportant," the stranger said in a peculiarly hollow voice. "All you need to know is that I can help you get rid of your wife."

"Ohh...but I...I didn't mean I wanted her killed or hurt in any way," Henry said, aghast. "I'm a law-abiding citizen, and if you're suggesting that..."

"She will not be harmed," the stranger broke in impatiently. "She will live a long life, and will have all the comforts imaginable. You see, I am a representative of the Extra-Planetary Rocket Research Corporation...and we need human subjects to test out our new, long-range atomic rockets that can travel for a hundred years into free space without refueling. Our rockets are equipped with all the food, water, exercising machines, books and other objects necessary to keep a human being from dying of boredom on the trip... so I am sure your wife will not mind it."

"But I...I don't understand," Henry quavered. "Even if she *wanted* to go, she couldn't operate the rocket or send back any reports or..."

"She will not have to do anything...but live. We are merely testing our rockets to see how human beings react to such long trips into space. The rocket works automatically, as do all the recording instruments which will flash reports back to us about the state of her health. And it isn't important whether *she* wants to go...you want her to go, don't you, Mr. Bostwick?"

Then here...take this diamond ring from my finger..."

"How...how did you know my name?" Henry asked wonderingly.

"That, too, is unimportant. Place this diamond ring on your finger and tell your wife you bought it for \$500 at the Planetary Diamond Exchange, 117 South Main Street. She will be furious, of course, and will insist on returning the ring for a refund...and when she shows up at the store, she will instantly be placed under hypnosis and brought aboard the rocket ship. When she awakes, she will be traveling through free space between the stars...and you will be free of her!"

Henry looked down at the ring the stranger had placed in his hand. "Hmm, I see what you mean...it won't be *my* fault if she's so cheap as to want to return the ring! I'll be in the clear...and you...*bey*, where in blazes did you disappear to?"

After looking up and down the deserted street again, Henry shrugged and began walking home.

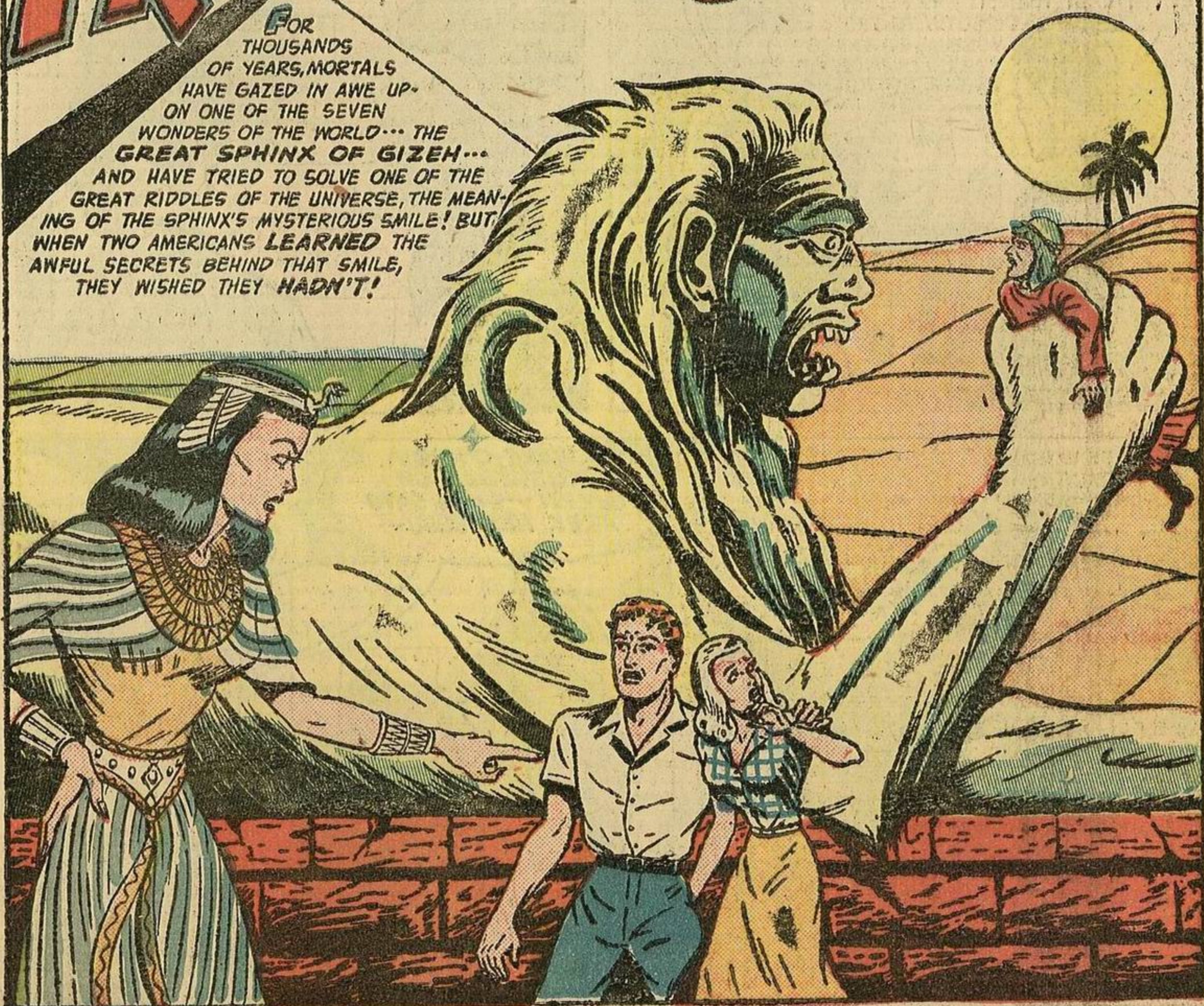
The next morning, everything went according to plan...for sure enough, his wife stormed out of the house to return the ring at the place Henry had said he'd bought it. And for half an hour, Henry wandered around the house in triumph...until he found that evening gown which his wife had apparently bought only yesterday. The price tag of \$379 made Henry furious...and he stormed out of the house to return the dress to the store mentioned on the label.

But the moment Henry entered the store, he knew something was wrong...for there were no dress racks, no sales clerks... nothing but that strange, unearthly light that made him sleepy...so sleepy...

When Henry awoke, the first thing he heard was his wife's voice screaming, "You...YOU'RE here too! Oh, what a fate...to be locked up for a hundred years in a space rocket with a man who's so awfully, boringly, stupidly dull!"

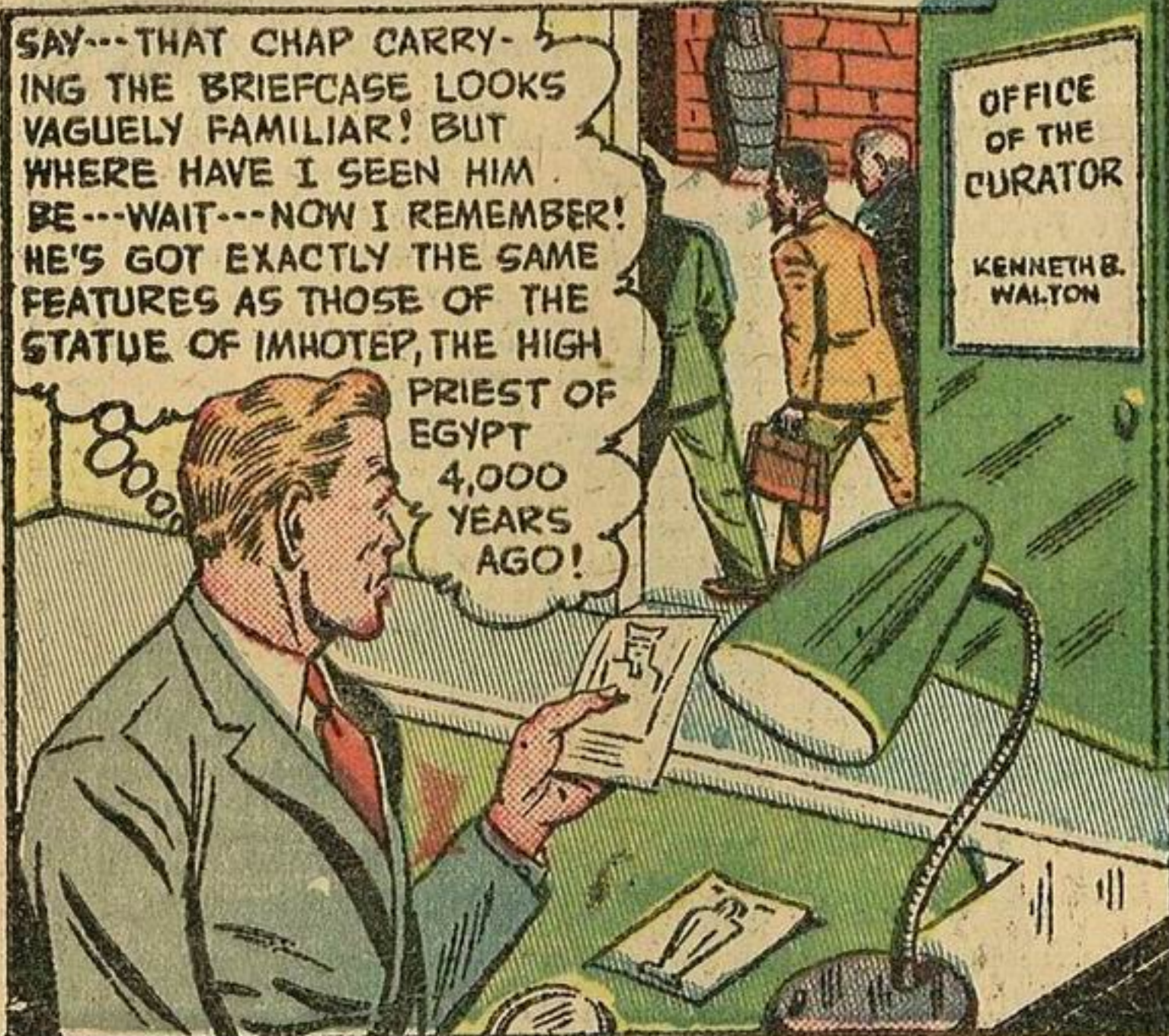
PRIESTESS of the SPHINX

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, MORTALS HAVE GAZED IN AWE UPON ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD... THE GREAT SPHINX OF GIZEH... AND HAVE TRIED TO SOLVE ONE OF THE GREAT RIDDLES OF THE UNIVERSE, THE MEANING OF THE SPHINX'S MYSTERIOUS SMILE! BUT WHEN TWO AMERICANS LEARNED THE AWFUL SECRETS BEHIND THAT SMILE, THEY WISHED THEY HADN'T!



IN THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF EGYPTOLOGY...

SAY... THAT CHAP CARRYING THE BRIEFCASE LOOKS VAGUELY FAMILIAR! BUT WHERE HAVE I SEEN HIM BE... WAIT... NOW I REMEMBER! HE'S GOT EXACTLY THE SAME FEATURES AS THOSE OF THE STATUE OF IMHOTEP, THE HIGH PRIEST OF EGYPT 4,000 YEARS AGO!



IT... IT'S AN ASTONISHING RESEMBLANCE! PERHAPS I CAN GET INTO A CONVERSATION WITH HIM AND FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE OR...

THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THIS MUMMY CASE TELL ME THAT IT ORIGINALLY HOUSED **NUBIA'S** MUMMY! BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE THAT NUBIA HERSELF IS STILL INSIDE?





I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR QUESTION, SIR---AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT THE MUMMY OF NUBIA *IS* INSIDE THAT CASE! I'M KENNETH WALTON, CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM, AND IT WAS I WHO DISCOVERED THE MUMMY IN THE COURSE OF MY EXCAVATIONS IN EGYPT LAST YEAR! IT WAS FLOWN

DIRECTLY TO THE MUSEUM, SO THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF ANYONE SWITCHING MUMMIES!

AH, *THAT* IS ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



WE WISH TO ADMIRE THE MUMMY CASE UNDISTURBED ---YOU WILL GO NOW! *YOU---WILL---GO---NOW!*

YOUR---YOUR EYES--- BURNING---HYPNOTIZING---YES, I---I *WILL---GO---*



GOOD---HE IS GONE! NOW QUICKLY, AHMED ---OPEN THE CASE!

THEY---THEY'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO THE MUMMY! I---I'VE GOT TO FIGHT MY WAY ---OUT OF THIS TRANCE ---REGAIN MY WILL! I MUST STOP THEM ---AND I *WILL!*



AWAKE, O NUBIA, O PRIESTESS OF GIZEH ---SATU SATU AREK NEB-BESU---

STOP--- CLOSE THAT MUMMY CASE!



IT'S AGAINST THE MUSEUM RULES TO--- *OH!!*

WELL DONE, AHMED ---THAT WILL DISPOSE OF HIM UNTIL WE HAVE COMPLETED OUR BUSINESS!

CRACK!



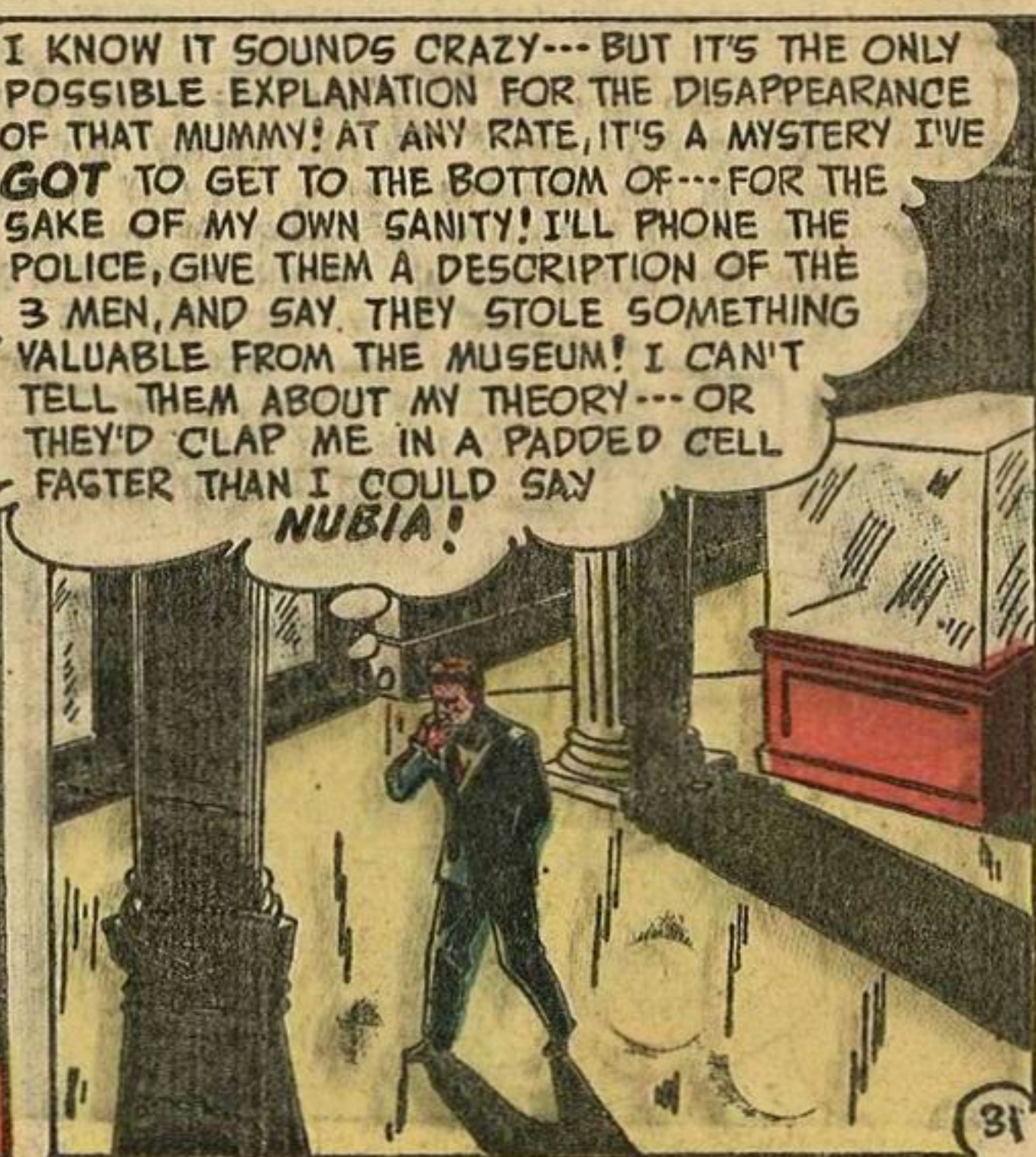
AWAKE, O NUBIA---THROW OFF THE SLEEP OF CENTURIES! AMSU UTEB!

SHE MOVES ---YOU HAVE REVIVED HER FROM THE DEAD, MASTER!



THEN, AS IF EMERGING FROM THE COCOON OF ETERNAL SLEEP, THE MUMMY STEPS FORWARD, WEAVES BLINDLY---

AH, PATIENCE, NUBIA ---SOON YOUR EYES WILL SEE THE LIGHT THAT HAS BEEN DENIED TO YOU FOR 4,000 YEARS!



TWO HOURS LATER...

**CAIRO, EH? THANKS---
THAT'S WHERE I'M
HEADING FOR, THEN!**

**MR. WALTON? THREE
MEN WHO ANSWERED
THE DESCRIPTION YOU
GAVE US LEFT WITH A
GIRL ON THE OVERSEAS
PLANE TO CAIRO JUST
AN HOUR AGO!**



BUT WHEN KEN REVEALS HIS PLANS TO HIS FIANCEE...

**I KNOW HOW FASCINATED YOU
ARE ABOUT EGYPTOLOGY,
DARLING---AND IF A BEAUTIFUL
EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS **HAS**
ARISEN FROM THE DEAD, YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO BECOME FASCI-
NATED WITH **HER** IF I CAN
HELP IT! IF YOU'RE GOING TO
TRACK HER DOWN, THEN
**I'M GOING WITH
YOU!****

**OH, ALL RIGHT, BETTY---
THERE'S NO TIME TO
ARGUE---THE NEXT
PLANE FOR CAIRO
LEAVES IN JUST
HALF AN HOUR!**



**HMM, ACCORDING TO THESE
BOOKS YOU BROUGHT ALONG
TO STUDY, KEN---NUBIA SEEMS
TO HAVE BEEN THE PRIESTESS
OF A CULT THAT WORSHIPED
AT THE ALTAR OF THE
GREAT SPHINX OF GIZEH
AROUND 4,000 YEARS
AGO!**

YES, AND IF SHE **HAS
BEEN REVIVED, SHE OUGHT
TO BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN
MANY MYSTERIES ABOUT
THAT ERA OF EGYPTIAN
HISTORY!**



**YOU SEE, BETTY, PRACTICALLY EVER REFERENCE TO THE
CULT OF THE SPHINX SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN TORN OUT
OR DESTROYED IN ALL THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS
AND TABLETS---AS IF SOMEONE WANTED TO KEEP THE
CULT'S DOINGS A DARK SECRET! PERHAPS NUBIA
COULD EXPLAIN **THAT**---AND ALSO AN
EVEN DEEPER MYSTERY, ONE OF THE
GREAT RIDDLES OF THE UNIVERSE---
**THE SECRET OF THE TRUE
MEANING OF THE
SPHINX AND ITS
ENIGMATIC
SMILE!****



AFTER A FAST FLIGHT ACROSS OCEAN AND DESERT---

**BUT KEN---WHY DID WE HAVE
TO HIRE THESE CAMELS AND
RIDE OUT HERE IN THE DESERT?
WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE THE CAIRO
POLICE LOOK FOR NUBIA AND
THOSE MEN?**

**BECAUSE I HAVE A HUNCH
THEY'RE NOT IN CAIRO AT
ALL, BUT OUT AT THE
GREAT SPHINX OF GIZEH---AND THAT'S
WHERE **WE'RE**
GOING!**



**INTO THE HEART OF THE VAST, FORBIDDING DESERT, WHERE
THE HOT WINDS BLOW ACROSS SANDS AS ANCIENT AND IN-
SCRUTABLE AS TIME ITSELF---**

**LOOK, KEN---
THERE'S THE
GREAT SPHINX
OF GIZEH
AHEAD OF
US!**

**YES, AND IF YOU NOTICE,
WE SEEM TO BE FOLLOW-
ING THE TRACKS OF SOME
CAMELS THAT PASSED
THIS WAY ONLY RECENTLY
---AND THAT MAKES ME
THINK **WE'RE** ON
THE RIGHT
TRACK!**



AS THE SHADOWS OF TWILIGHT FALL ACROSS THE GREAT, BROODING SPHINX---

I WAS RIGHT, BETTY---
THOSE THREE MEN ARE
THE CHARACTERS I MET
IN THE MUSEUM! AND
THAT--- THAT GIRL MUST
BE **NUBIA**! LET'S KEEP
QUIET, SO WE CAN HEAR
THEIR CONVERSATION!



NOW, O NUBIA, YOU HAVE THE CHANCE
TO ATONE FOR THE SIN YOU COMMITTED
4,000 YEARS AGO---THE SIN OF
NEGLECTING TO PROVIDE THE
SACRIFICE THE GREAT SPHINX
DEMANDED! AHMED HAS AGREED
TO BECOME THE SACRIFICE
FOR THE HONOR OF A GREATER
EGYPT! YOU HAVE ONLY TO
PLUNGE THE SACRED DAGGER
INTO HIS HEART---AND THE
**GREAT SPHINX WILL
AWAKEN AND SPEAK
ONCE MORE!**

IT WILL
BE DONE, O
IMHOTEP!



**SEN NETERU ATHUA MENNU
---FROM THIS DEATH, AWAKE
INTO LIFE, O MIGHTY
SPHINX!**



SUDDENLY, A VAST RUMBLING SOUND MAKES THE DESERT
TREMBLE---AS IF IN TERROR AT THE AWESOME STIRRING
AND QUIVERING OF THE GREAT STONE SPHINX! **STONE?**
NO---STONE NO LONGER---FOR WHAT STONE EVER
RIPPLED WITH **LIFE?**



Then, AS THE INCREDIBLE CONVERSION INTO LIFE IS
COMPLETED---

**KEN---IT---
IT'S MOVING
---IT'S ALIVE!
LET'S RUN!**

SO---
WE HAVE
VISITORS,
EH?

GET
DOWN,
BETTY!
OH-OH,
TOO
LATE---
**THEY'VE
SPOTTED
US!**



YOU WILL COME DOWN
HERE---OR YOU **DIE!**
AND I WARN YOU---I
AM AN EXPERT SHOT!

WE---WE'D BETTER DO AS
HE SAYS, BETTY---AT
LEAST WE'LL FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT NOW!



SO...THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM! IT WAS FOOLISH OF YOU TO FOLLOW ME HERE---BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVE STUMBLED ON THE SECRET OF THE SPHINX, YOU WILL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS FOR **CONQUERING THE ENTIRE WORLD AND BECOMING THE MIGHTIEST PHARAOH OF ETERNITY!**



BUT BEFORE YOU DIE, I WILL EXPLAIN THE **MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX** TO YOU! THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, THE GREAT SPHINX OF GIZEH WAS AS ALIVE AS IT IS NOW---A MONSTROUS BEAST WITH THE HEAD OF A HUMAN AND THE BODY OF A LION! AND ITS SMILE IS THE SMILE OF INCOMPARABLE, GODLIKE WISDOM---FOR IT KNOWS ALL THINGS AND CAN IMPART ALL ANSWERS TO ANY QUESTION UNDER THE SUN! BUT ---IT REQUIRES A **HUMAN SACRIFICE** AS PAYMENT FOR EACH ANSWER IT GIVES!



THE EARLY PHARAOKS MERELY USED THE SPHINX TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF BUILDING PYRAMIDS, OF ASTRONOMY, AND OF OTHER FOOLISH PASTIMES! BUT NUBIA, WHOSE DUTY IT WAS TO PERFORM THE SACRIFICES, ELOPED WITH A NECROMANCER ONE DAY 4,000 YEARS AGO, SO THE SACRIFICE COULD NOT BE PERFORMED---AND IN RETALIATION, THE SPHINX TURNED ITSELF INTO MUTE STONE, REFUSING TO ANSWER ALL FURTHER QUESTIONS!

IN ANGER, THE REIGNING PHARAOH OF THE TIME ORDERED NUBIA BURIED ALIVE---AND WITHOUT THE SPHINX TO GIVE THE ANSWERS TO ALL THE PERPLEXING PROBLEMS OF STATE, THE GREAT EGYPTIAN EMPIRE DIS-INTEGRATED! BUT I, IMHOTEP, AM A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE HIGH PRIEST OF EGYPT---THE SAME HIGH PRIEST WHO HAD BEEN AWARE 4,000 YEARS AGO OF NUBIA'S TEMPESTUOUS AND AMOROUS NATURE!



FEARFUL THAT NUBIA WOULD EVENTUALLY RUN OFF AND FAIL TO PERFORM HER DUTIES, MY ANCESTOR ONCE ASKED THE SPHINX WHAT COULD BE DONE IF THAT CAME TO PASS... THE SPHINX ANSWERED THAT AS PUNISHMENT, NUBIA WOULD HAVE TO SLEEP THE DEATH OF 4,000 YEARS! THEN A CERTAIN INCANTATION COULD AWAKEN HER TO RESUME HER DUTIES ---AND AT THE FIRST SACRIFICE, THE **SPHINX ITSELF** WOULD AWAKEN! AND SINCE THE SPHINX'S ANSWER WAS SECRETLY PASSED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION IN THE PRIESTHOOD, I KNEW THE ANSWER!



IT---IT'S INCREDIBLE---BUT AFTER WATCHING THE SPHINX DEVOUR THAT SACRIFICE, I KNOW THAT **ANYTHING** IS POSSIBLE!



BUT NOW THAT THE SPHINX HAS BEEN AWAKENED, I WILL NOT ASK SUCH FOOLISH QUESTIONS AS HOW TO BUILD BIGGER AND BETTER PYRAMIDS! I SHALL FIND HOW TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE **ENTIRE WORLD** BY MEANS OF NEW PHYSICAL AND OCCULT WEAPONS! AND SINCE ONE SACRIFICE HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE, I AM ENTITLED TO ONE QUESTION!...ABDULLAH...WATCH THEM!



TELL ME, O ALL-KNOWING SPHINX...CAN YOU REVEAL TO ME THE SECRETS THAT WILL MAKE ME THE MIGHTIEST EMPEROR OF THE AGES, WITH ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD AS MY SLAVES?



THEN, IN A VOICE AS HOLLOW AND TERRIFYING AS DOOM ITSELF...

YEA, I CAN MAKE YE EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN OSIRIS, THE GOD OF DEATH...BUT FOR EACH ANSWER I GIVE, ONE SACRIFICE MUST BE MADE TO ME!



HA...AND YOU WILL BE THE NEXT SACRIFICE! ABDULLAH...SEIZE HIM AND TIE HIM TO THE ALTAR!

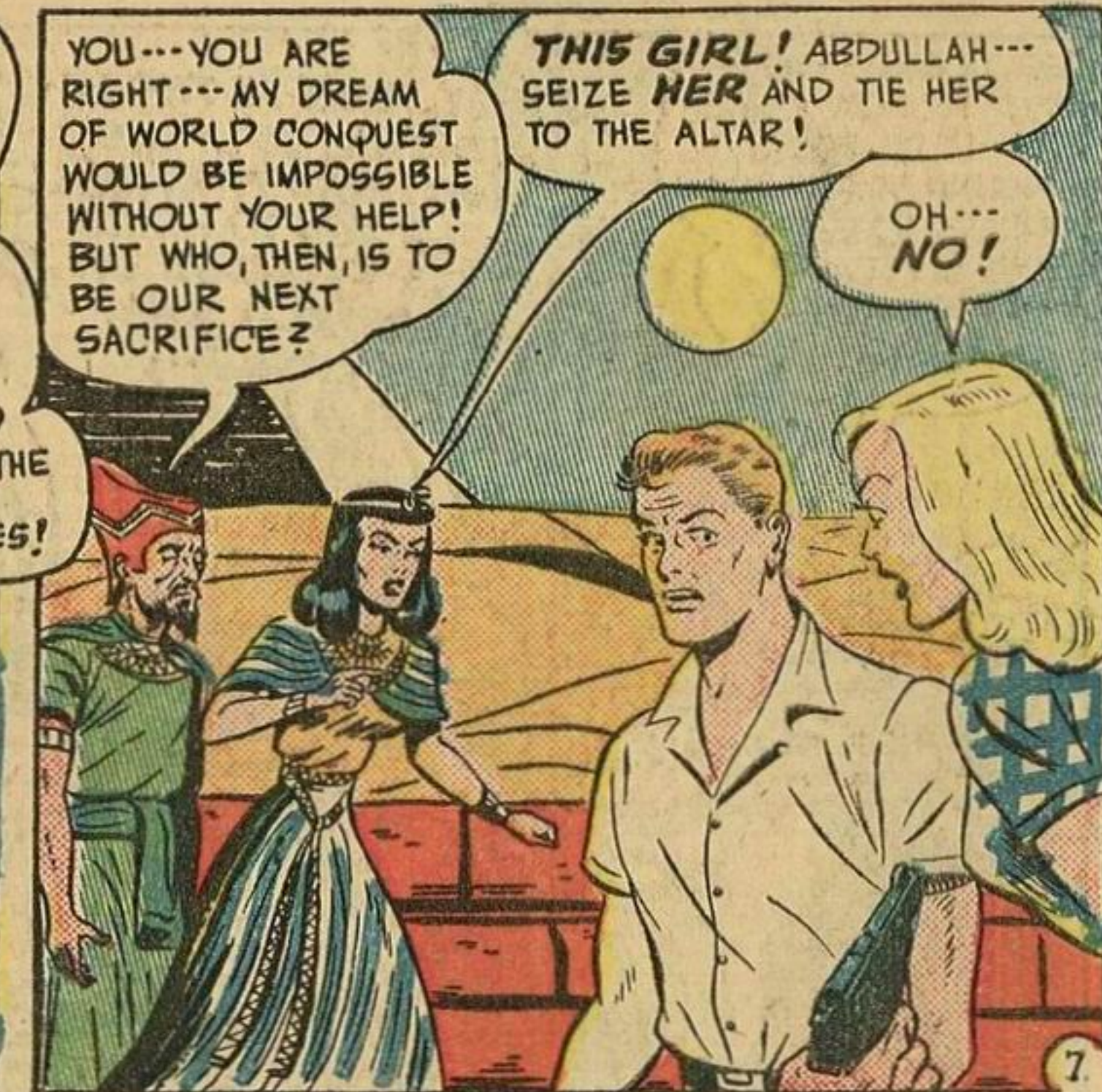
NO! I WANT HIM SAVED!



WHAT? HASN'T 4,000 YEARS OF DEATH CURED YOU OF YOUR AMOROUS NATURE? AM I TO HAVE THE SAME TROUBLE WITH YOU THAT MY ANCESTORS DID?

I AM THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE CULT OF THE SPHINX...AND I HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE THE SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS! IF YOU WANT THE SPHINX TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS AND GIVE YOU POWER, YOU WILL HAVE TO DO AS I SAY...

BECAUSE I AM THE ONLY ONE ALLOWED TO PERFORM THE SACRED SACRIFICES!



YOU...YOU ARE RIGHT...MY DREAM OF WORLD CONQUEST WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT YOUR HELP! BUT WHO, THEN, IS TO BE OUR NEXT SACRIFICE?

THIS GIRL! ABDULLAH...SEIZE **HER** AND TIE HER TO THE ALTAR!

OH...NO!







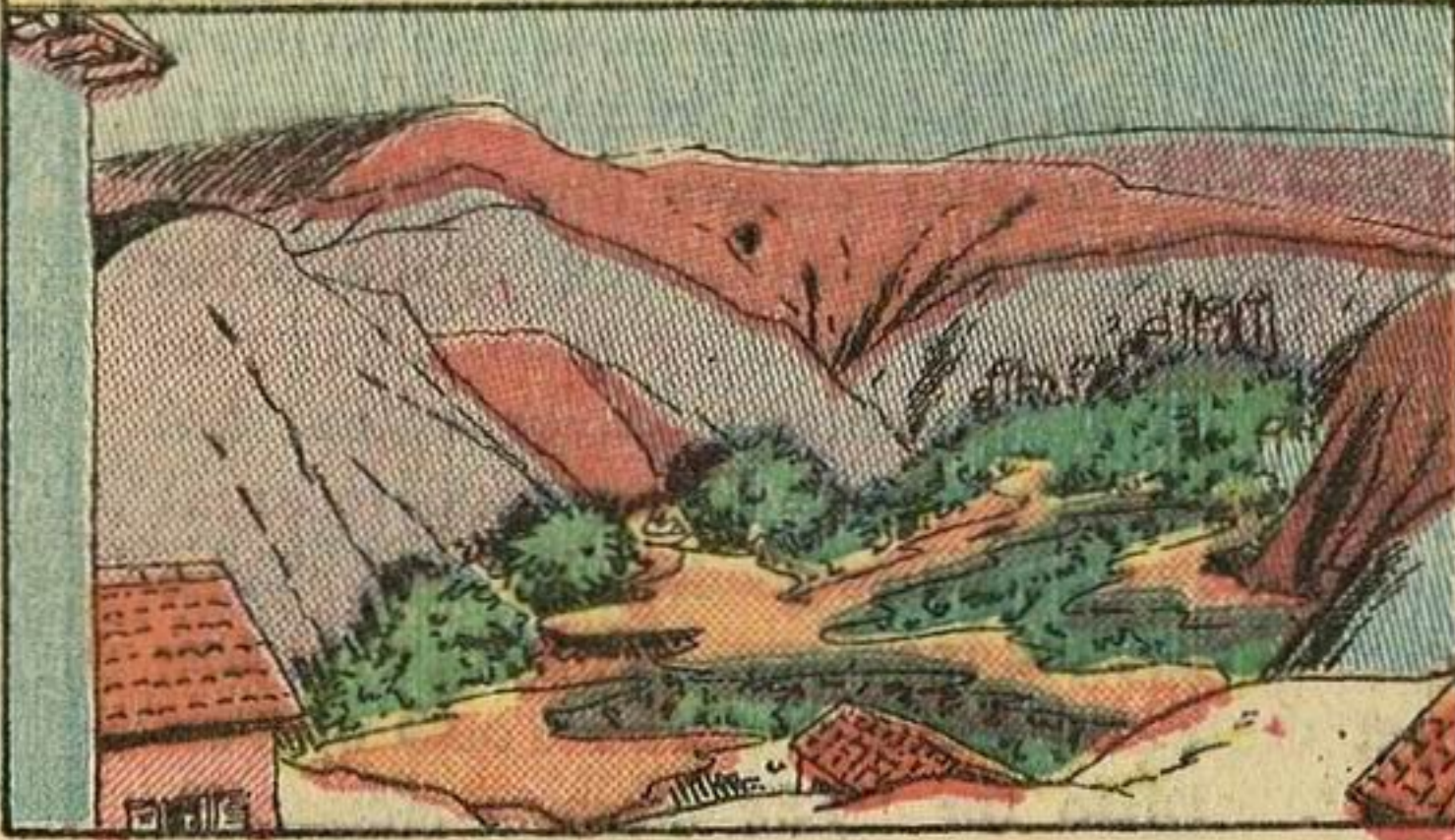
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE RIPPLING LION FLESH SUDDENLY HARDENS INTO UNYIELDING, MOTIONLESS STONE ONCE MORE---



UNCANNY MYSTERIES

DANCE OF THE SAVAGES

IF YOU'RE EVER IN THE VICINITY OF THE FRENCH TOWNS OF SAUMUR AND PONT-CHANVRE, READER, PAY A VISIT TO THE WEIRD VALLEY THAT LIES BETWEEN THEM -- IF YOU CAN! IT WON'T BE EASY, BECAUSE THE VALLEY IS CLOSED AT BOTH ENDS BY STEEPLY RISING HILLS -- AS IF TO PREVENT ITS HAUNTED INHABITANTS FROM ESCAPING!



EVER SINCE THE DAYS OF KING CHARLES THE BAD, IN 1332, WHENEVER UNKNOWN POWERS SEND THE LIVESTOCK INTO A FRENZY, CAUSING THEM TO DIE MYSTERIOUSLY, THE FRENCH FARMERS KNOW THAT THE WITCHES' SABBATH WILL OCCUR IN THE VALLEY THAT NIGHT!

MON DIEU -- TONIGHT COMES LE BAL DES SAUVAGES -- ZE DANCE OF ZE SAVAGES!



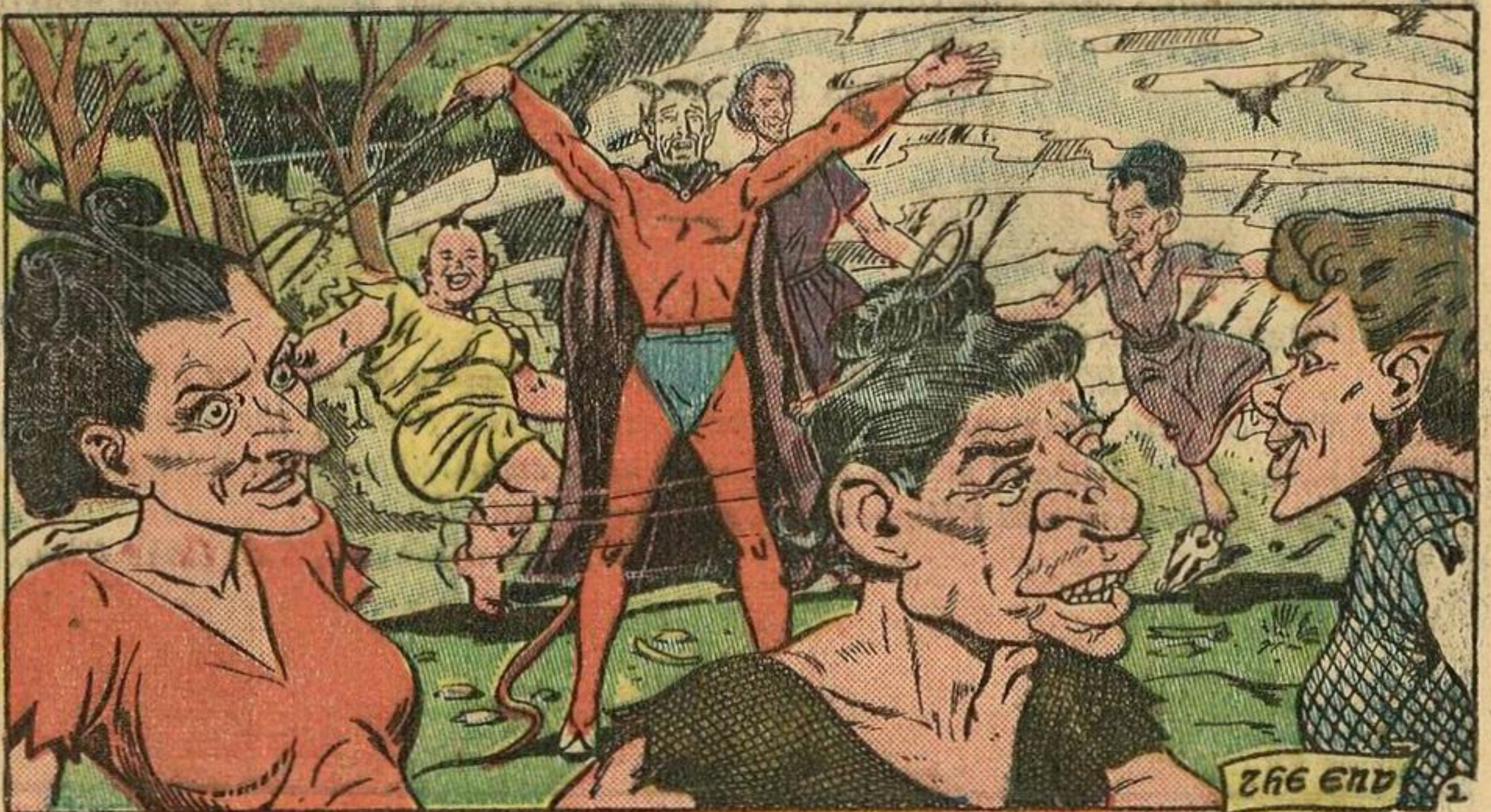
PRECISELY AT MIDNIGHT, GROTESQUE WITCHES EMERGE FROM THE PONTCHANVRE WOODS!



THEN, SATAN HIMSELF IS SAID TO APPEAR, TO BE GREETED WITH WILD, UNEARTHLY CRIES BY THE WITCHES!



THIS BEGINS THE DANCE OF THE SAVAGES, THE DANCE OF THE WITCHES' SABBATH -- THE STRANGEST DANCE EVER TO BE WITNESSED BY MORTAL EYES! FEW HAVE SEEN IT AND LIVED -- BUT THOSE FEW WILL NEVER FORGET THE UNCANNY, HORRIBLE SIGHT FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!



THE END

From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

HELLO, READERS...IT'S nice talking to you again!

There's nothing quite as pleasant as these cozy conversations with you, our favorite readers, and the only trouble is that they don't come around often enough. The result is that we sit down for each session just bursting with the news which accumulates between issues. What sort of news? Well, obviously, the type best calculated to fascinate all of us...and that means the *supernatural*! "Forbidden Worlds" has an announcement to make which has much to do with that great and unknown realm, and here it is. Ever since we commenced publication of this fine new magazine, we've been deluged by a torrent of mail from enthusiastic readers. Apparently you and countless thousands like you approve most heartily of what we're bringing you. Tales of ghosts, zombies, vampires, werewolves...strange stories of the startling denizens of the supernatural...this is the fare you want. And it's the fare you're getting, and will continue to get in exciting and ever-increasing doses! One thing we noticed from your letters, however, and that's that you've accepted the daring challenge of the *Unknown*, and can't get enough of

thrilling yarns of high imagination. And so we accept your challenge! If it's hair-breadth stories such as you've never before read that you're after, you'll get them in the future! We've given the green light to our editors, research men and writers. They've got explicit orders to buckle down and produce efforts that are *literally* out of this world...and that's what they're going to do...for your entertainment! Not senseless terror tales, but spine-tingling, gasp-laden supernatural adventures you'll remember forever! Take this issue, for instance. You'll never forget the eerie thrill of "The Tomb of Terror". Ditto for "The Merman Menace", as gripping a story as you've ever read. You won't find many like "Priestess of the Sphinx", and your pulses will race to the thudding excitement of "The Day The World Died". "Land of The Living Dead" is a gripping exploit into a truly forbidden world...and rounds out a star-studded issue!

If you like it, write and tell us...we'll try to print your letter! Address it to *The Editor, Forbidden Worlds, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.* And here's a sample of the type of mail we've been getting!

"Dear Editor:-

Why don't you put out 'Forbidden Worlds' monthly...just as you did with 'Adventures Into The Unknown'? It's a magnificent magazine, and deserves it! Here are my ratings on the 2nd issue: (1) 'The League of Vampires'. (2) 'Dead Man's Doom'. (3) 'The Mists of Midnight'. Keep up the great work!

--Tom Neveaux, St. Paul, Minn."

"Dear Editor:-

I think 'Forbidden Worlds' is great! Please write more stories like 'The Way of The Werewolf'. I thought that was the best of the bunch in your last edition...and 'Dead Man's Doom' was also swell! Continue with wonderful stories like these and I'll never miss a single issue!

--Robert Russell, Salt Lake City, Utah."

The DAY THE WORLD DIED



I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE YOUR WORKING OVERTIME, NED -- AND YOU TOO, JEAN! SOMEHOW -- I'VE HAD AN OVERPOWERING URGE TO GET THINGS **DONE** THESE PAST FEW WEEKS!

WE'RE GLAD TO HELP, DR. WILLARD -- BUT THIS PACE CAN BE **DANGEROUS** AT YOUR AGE! WE'LL STAY AN HOUR LONGER -- AND **THEN** WE'RE SEEING YOU HOME!

RADIOACTIVE VAULT - KEEP OUT.

I M AGINE A SILENCE, AS IF THE EARTH HAD SUDDENLY BECOME A MUTED TOMB -- IMAGINE A VOID IN WHICH NOTHING MOVES -- NOTHING EXCEPT YOU AND A SINGLE COMPANION! THEN TRY TO PICTURE THE HIDEOUS CREATURES WHO SWARMED TO CLAIM OUR STRICKEN PLANET -- AND YOU'LL GET SOME IDEA OF HOW TERROR STALKED THE STREETS -- **THE DAY THE WORLD DIED!**



NED -- WE'VE BOTH KNOWN FOR SOME TIME THAT DR. WILLARD'S HEART IS FAILING -- THAT HE HASN'T MUCH LONGER TO LIVE! DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD MAKE HIM STOP?

NO SENSE DOING **THAT**, HONEY! WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE **HERE** WHEN THE END COMES, WORKING ON ATOMIC EXPERIMENTS TO WHICH HE'S DEVOTED HIS LIFETIME?

LET'S LOCK OURSELVES IN THE VAULT AND HAVE A CHECK WITH THAT GEIGER COUNTER, JEAN! DON'T WORRY ABOUT DR. WILLARD -- I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE QUILTS AS SOON AS HE'S WORKED OUT THAT MESON- SPLITTING PROBLEM!

NED! MAYBE BEING ISOLATED IN THIS VAULT IS GIVING ME DELUSIONS -- BUT I ALMOST THOUGHT I **SAW** SOMETHING LURKING AT THE OTHER END OF THE LAB!

WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THOSE MICE? THE AIR IN THE LABORATORY'S HEAVILY CHARGED WITH ELECTRONS -- BUT **THAT** WOULDN'T ALARM THEM -- **AS IF THEY DETECTED A STRANGER!**

THEN IT COMES--THE THING THAT WILL CHANGE THE MEANING OF EVIL AND TERROR FOREVER!



GOOD LORD--
WHAT IS IT?

OVERWHELMED BY SHOCK, THE GASP-
ING WORDS AND
FALTERING HEART
FADE OUT TOGETHER
--AND AS DR.
WILLARD SLUMPS
AT THE CONTROL
PANEL--



AAAGH!

CLICK!

GRRRAK!

NED-- IT'S
HIDEOUS!
THE VERY
SIGHT
OF IT
KILLED DR.
WILLARD!

YE GODS--THE
CYCLOTRON! THE
SWITCH HE ACCI-
DENTALLY THREW
SENT A SURGE
OF POWER THOUGH
IT-- STRONG
ENOUGH TO START
A MESON CHAIN
REACTION!



RUSHING FROM THE PROTECTIVE VAULT--

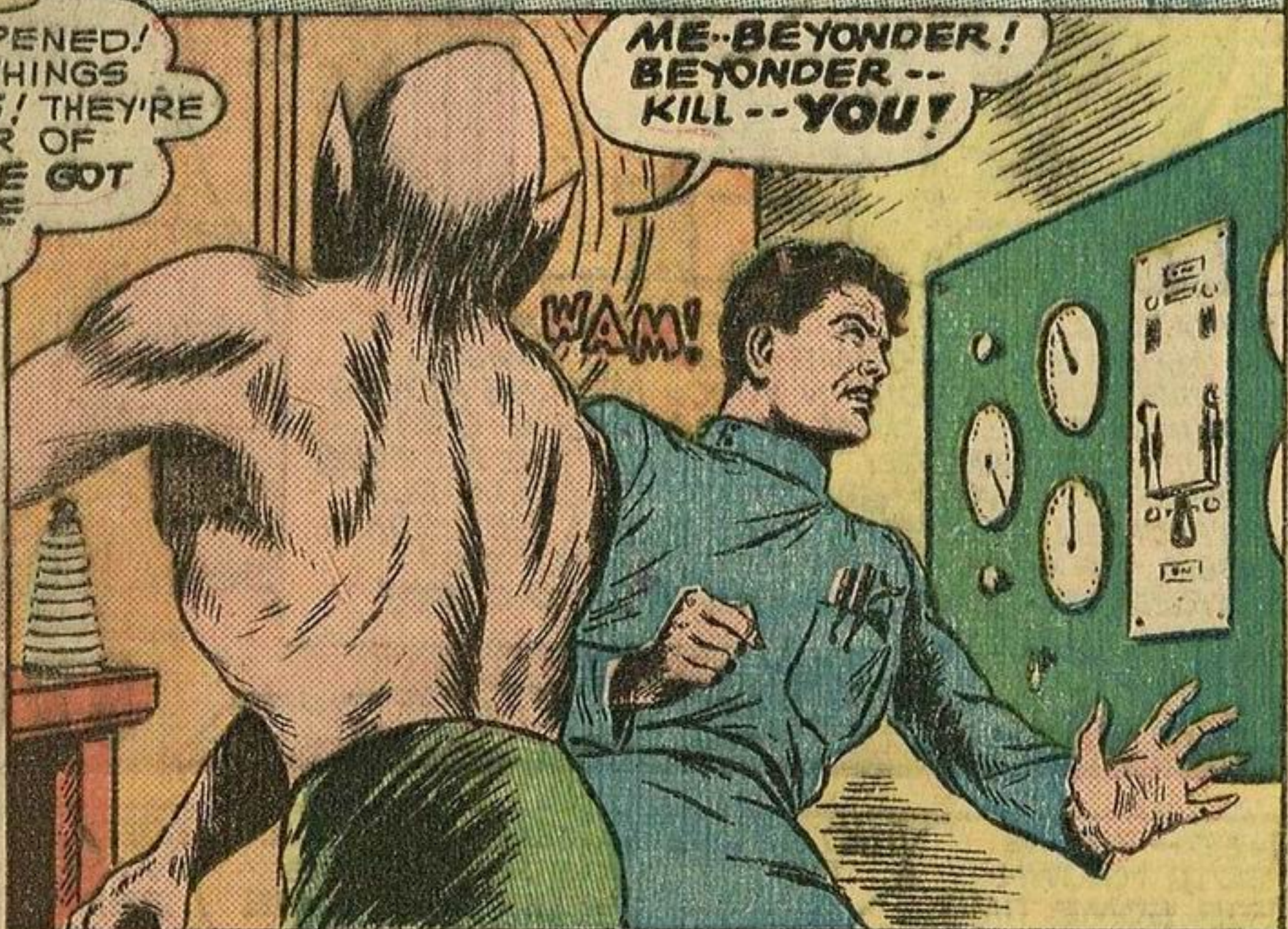
BUT AS NED RUSHES TOWARD THE CONTROL PANEL--

WHERE'S DR.
WILLARD'S
BODY? AND
THOSE CAGED
MICE, NED--
THERE'S NO
SIGN OF
THEM!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
MESONS ARE THE THINGS
THAT UNITE ATOMS! THEY'RE
THE BASIC FACTOR OF
EXISTENCE-- I'VE GOT
TO SWITCH OFF THE
CYCLOTRON!



ME--BEYONDER!
BEYONDER--
KILL--YOU!



WAM!

DON'T WAIT, JEAN! IT'S
COMING CLOSER-- GET
OUT WHILE
YOU CAN!

NO, NED-- FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE
DON'T TRY TO COPE
WITH THAT THING
YOURSELF!
ANOTHER FEW
MINUTES WON'T
MATTER--
LET'S GET
THE POLICE!

EXPERIMENTAL
ROBOT
HANDS OFF!

YOU-- NOT ESCAPE!
BEYONDERS COME--
MANY-- MANY!

NED--
HURRY!





I'LL TRY TO KEEP MY NERVES UNDER CONTROL WHILE YOU CALL THE POLICE! NO USE MAKING PEOPLE PANICKY BY REVEALING WHAT'S INSIDE!

BABY-- WHAT PEOPLE? WHERE ARE THEY?



IN AN UNCANNY VACUUM-- WITHOUT SOUND OR MOVEMENT--

LOOK! SHOPS-- CARS-- THEY'RE ALL EMPTY, JEAN! THERE ISN'T A SOUL AROUND!



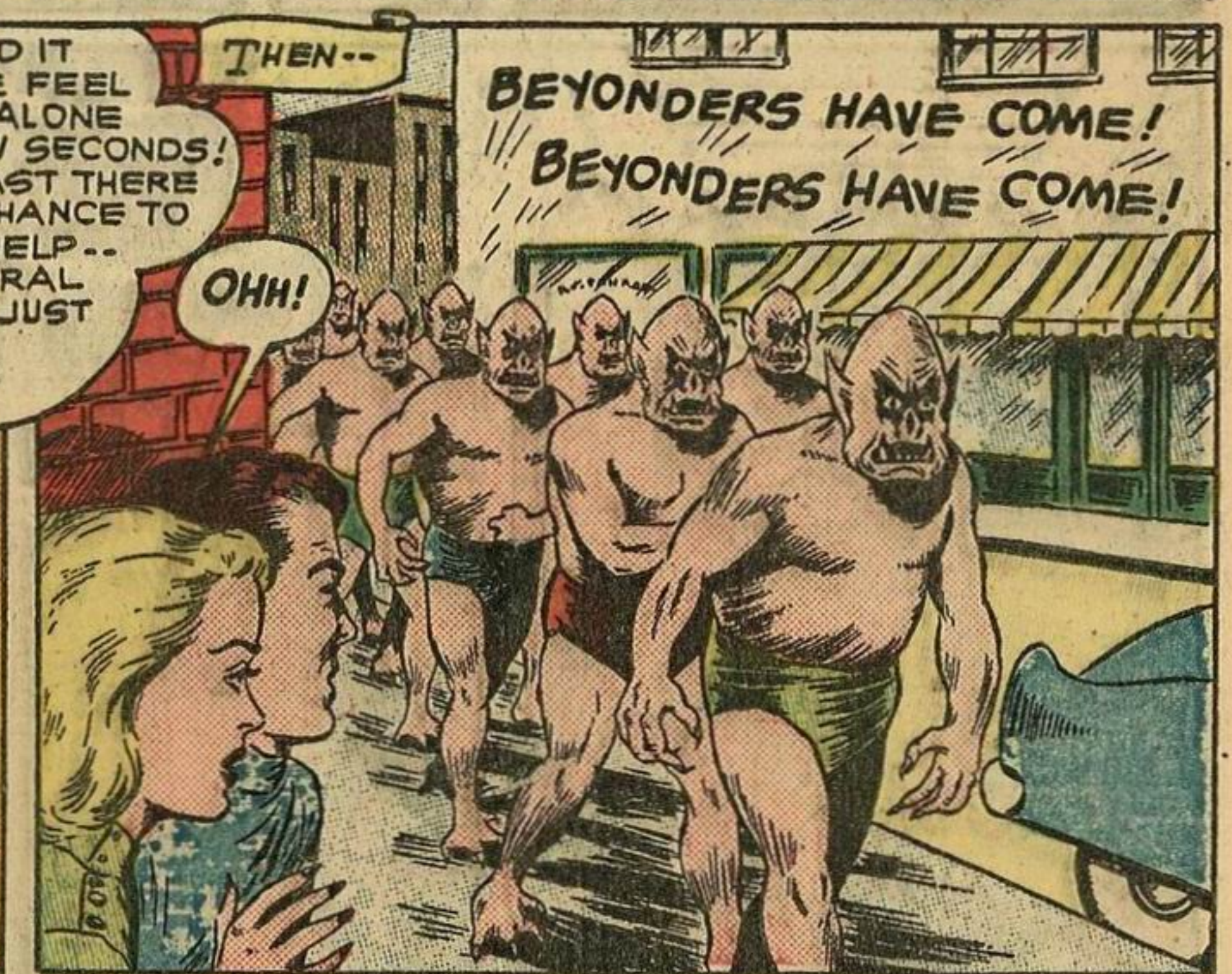
WE'VE GOT TO FIND **SOMEONE**, HONEY! THIS **COULDN'T** HAVE HAPPENED-- NOT TO A CITY OF EIGHT MILLION!

IT DIDN'T, NED-- IT DIDN'T! I HEAR VOICES-- FOOTSTEPS-- THERE ARE PEOPLE!



THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT! THE LEAD-LINED VAULT PROTECTED US FROM THE MESON CHAIN REACTION-- BUT IT'S REMOVED ALL SIGNS OF LIFE FROM THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD!

YES-- AND IT MADE ME FEEL HORRIBLY ALONE FOR A FEW SECONDS! NOW AT LEAST THERE WILL BE A CHANCE TO GET SOME HELP-- AND THE MORAL SUPPORT OF JUST SEEING SOMEONE!



THEN--

BEYONDERS HAVE COME! BEYONDERS HAVE COME!

OHH!



[LIKE A RISING TIDE -- LIKE THE NEARING BEAT OF DOOM--

THERE ARE **THOUSANDS** OF THEM, NED-- COMING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!

NOW I **KNOW** CATASTROPHE'S HIT THE CITY! COME ON-- OUR ONLY HOPE **NOW** IS TO REACH THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION IN WASHINGTON BY PHONE!

CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP!



MINUTES LATER-- IN A NEARBY SUBWAY STATION --

HELLO! HELLO!-- JEAN, THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD-- I CAN'T GET THROUGH TO WASHINGTON!

NO ANSWER AT ALL? THEN IT ISN'T JUST THE CITY THAT'S BEEN AFFECTED-- THE MESON CHAIN REACTION HAS HIT THE WHOLE EASTERN SEABOARD!



SUDDENLY--

BEYONDERS KILL!
BEYONDERS KILL!

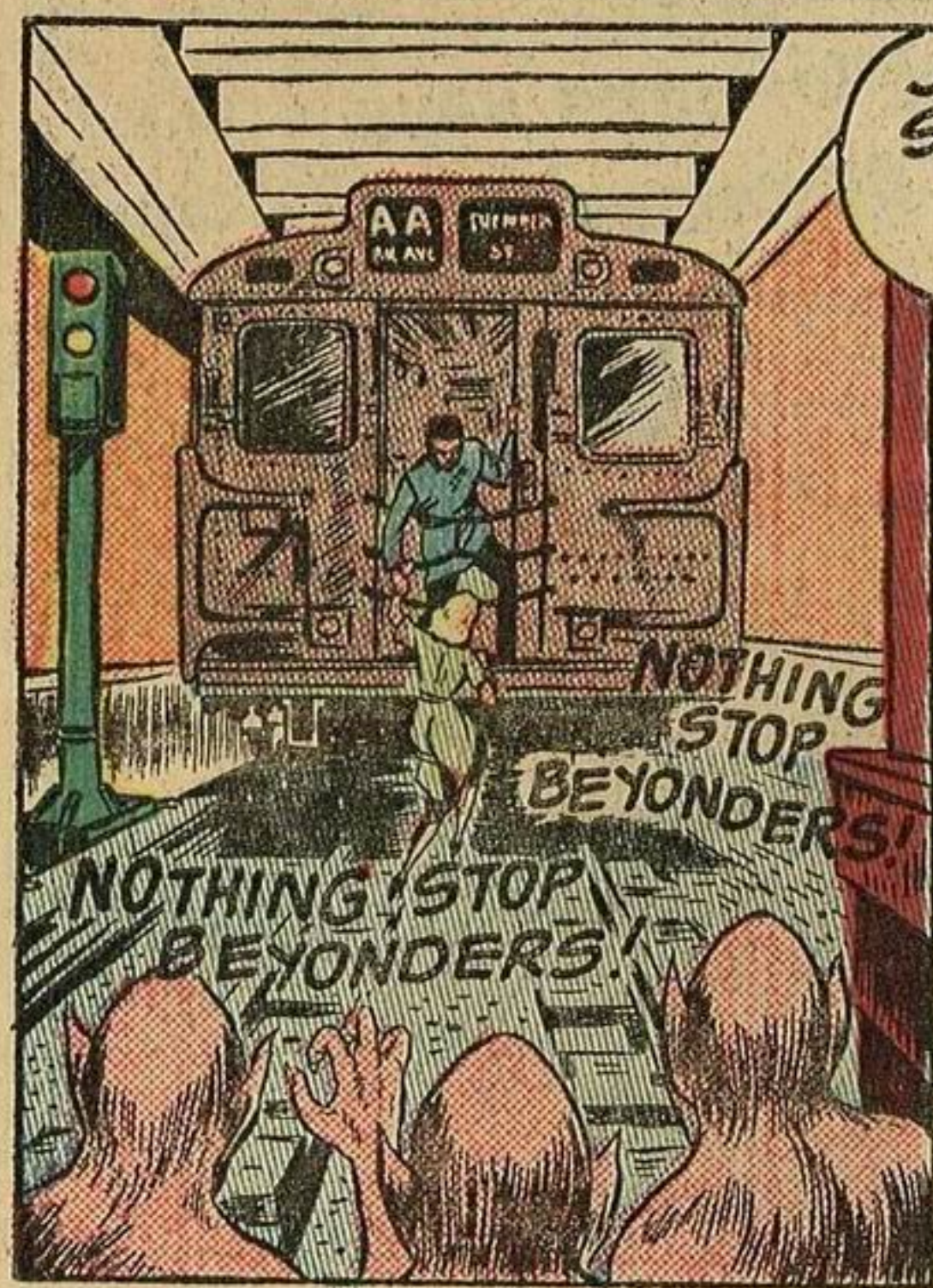
YE GODS--
THEY'RE
BLOCKING
THE WAY
OUT! QUICK--
JUMP
DOWN
TO THE
TRACKS!



WITH THE GUTTURAL CHANT BOOMING
THROUGH THE TUNNEL--

NED-- THEY'VE SPOTTED
US! HOW CAN WE GET
AWAY-- WHERE'LL
WE GO?

THERE'S A
STALLED TRAIN--
JUST SHORT OF
THE STATION!
HURRY, JEAN--
MAYBE WE
CAN MAKE IT!



JEAN--
SWING THE
THROTTLE
OPEN!

A GRINDING LURCH-- AND THE
TRAIN PICKS UP SPEED--



POW!



CRASH!

TWO HUMANS CAREENING THROUGH THE LONELY TUNNELS--
GRAPPLING WITH A TERRIBLE DECISION--

MINUTES LATER--

I'M CERTAIN A GOOD
PART OF THE COUNTRY
HAS BEEN WIPE OUT,
NED-- BUT IF WE
WAIT LONG ENOUGH--
HELP'S BOUND TO
COME FROM
SOMEWHERE!

WE CAN'T GAMBLE ON THAT! THE BEYONDERS
ARE PROBABLY SWARMING THROUGH THE STREETS,
BUT IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT-- WITH LUCK, WE CAN
REACH THE UNIVERSAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!

UNIVERSAL B



SUBWAY

45

IT'S USE-
LESS, NED--
YOU CAN'T
MANIPULATE
THE COMPLI-
CATED
BROAD-
CASTING
APPARATUS
ALONE!

MAYBE NOT-- BUT AT
THE STROKE OF TWELVE,
ALL THE MAIN STATIONS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
EXCHANGE CALLS!
THEY'RE **SURE** TO
SUSPECT SOMETHING
WRONG WHEN THEY
FIND **THIS**
STATION'S OFF
THE AIR!

SLOWLY, FATEFULLY, THE SWEEP
HAND CIRCLES THE STUDIO
CLOCK ... 12.01 ...

12:02--
NED--YOU'RE
SURE--**NOTHING**
FROM
LONDON?

POSITIVE!
NOT A PEEP
FROM **PARIS**,
EITHER!

MAYBE SOME-
THING **ELSE**
RELEASED THE
BEYONDERS;
NED! IF AN
ENEMY NATION
FOUND A WAY
TO USE
SUPERNATURAL
FORCES---

NOPE--MOSCOW
AND PEIPING
ARE SILENT,
TOO! IT'S NOT
A SECRET
WEAPON,
JEAN-- **IT'S**
DOOM--DOOM
FOR THE
ENTIRE
WORLD!

UNIVERSAL
BROADCASTING COMPANY
• SHORT WAVE STUDIO •

THEN-- BREAKING THE SILENCE LIKE
A LIGHTNING BOLT--

ATTENTION!
ATTENTION!

WE **AREN'T**
ALONE, NED--
WE **CAN'T**
BE-- WHEN
SOMEONE
ELSE IS
BROAD-
CASTING!

IT'S COMING
FROM THAT
TV SET--
I'LL SWITCH
ON THE
SCREEN!

AS THE BLURRED IMAGE COMES HORRIBLY INTO
FOCUS--

**GOOD
HEAVENS!**

I AM THE LEADER OF THE BEYONDERS!
I HAVE A MESSAGE-- A MESSAGE
FOR THE **ONLY TWO HUMANS IN**
THE WORLD WHO HAVE NOT
VANISHED INTO THE REALM
OF THE UNSEEN!

WE BEYONDERS ARE SO EVIL THAT OUR SOULS
NEVER KNEW LIFE! BUT WE CAN SENSE WHEN
A HUMAN IS ABOUT TO DIE-- WE SEND A
BEYONDER TO SEE IF WE CAN CLAIM THE
SPIRIT-- BECAUSE **THAT** WILL ADMIT US TO
THE WORLD OF THE LIVING! WE HAVE TRIED
BILLIONS OF TIMES-- WE HAVE WATCHED
THE DEATH THROES OF THE WORST
MURDERERS AND TYRANTS IN HISTORY--
BUT **NONE** HAVE BEEN FIENDISH ENOUGH
TO YIELD A SPIRIT TO **US!**

BUT THE BEYONDER WHO WAS SENT TO WATCH THE
DEATH OF DR. WILLARD-- AND WAS MADE VISIBLE FOR
THE FIRST TIME BY THE ELECTRON-CHARGED ATMO-
SPHERE-- **THAT** BEYONDER DISCOVERED THE WORLD
IS **OURS!** EVERY LIVING ORGANISM HAS BEEN FATED
FOR SOMETHING **WORSE** THAN DEATH-- THEY'VE
BEEN SWEEPED INTO THE INVISIBLE
WORLD OF NOTHINGNESS--
FOREVER!

AS NED SWITCHES OFF THE CHILLING FEATURES--

TO THINK IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED IN A SPLIT SECOND FLASH, NED! **MILLIONS** OF PEOPLE, **MYRIADS** OF ANIMALS HAVE VANISHED-- BUT IT'S LIKE AN UNENDING TRANCE-- **THEY'RE NOT EVEN AWARE IT HAS HAPPENED!**

WAIT--THE MESON CHAIN REACTION **DID** SPREAD ACROSS THE EARTH IN A SINGLE INSTANT-- BUT THE FISSION IS STILL UNDER CONTROL IN ONE PLACE-- **THE CYCLO-TRON!**

IT'S EASY TO FIGURE ROUGHLY HOW LONG THE MESONS IN THE CYCLOTRON WILL LAST! ACCORDING TO THAT-- EVERY LIVING BEING IS GOING THROUGH ITS **LAST HOUR OF INVISIBLE EXISTENCE!** ONCE THE CHAIN REACTION IN THE CYCLOTRON IS COMPLETE, THAT **WILL BE THE END-- THE DAY THE WORLD DIED!**

BABY-- IT'S NOT TOO LATE **YET!** THE FISSION PROCESS CAN BE **REVERSED-- IF WE REACH THE LABORATORY SOON ENOUGH!**

NED-- FOR MY SAKE-- **DON'T TRY!** YOU'RE BOUND TO BE CAUGHT BY ONE OF THE **BE-YONDERS--** AND THEN WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO **ME-- THE ONLY LIVING CREATURE IN A WORLD OF HORROR?**



BUT IF WE CAN **END** THE HORROR, JEAN-- IF WE CAN RESTORE THE WORLD AND SEND THOSE CREEPS BACK TO THEIR UNSEEN EXILE-- ISN'T IT WORTH A TRY? WHAT WILL LIFE MEAN ANYWAY-- IF WE **DON'T TRY?**

SOON AFTERWARD--

IT'S HOPELESS, NED-- THEY'LL KNOW IT'S **YOU** THE SECOND THEY DETECT SOMEONE IN THE LABORATORY-- IT CAN'T BE ANYONE **ELSE!**

YOU'RE WRONG, BABY-- IT **COULD** BE THE **ELECTRONIC ROBOT** DR. WILLARD INVENTED FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES! IT CAN'T THINK-- IT CAN'T ACTUALLY DO ANYTHING TO HELP US-- **EXCEPT TRICK THE BEYONDERS INTO THINKING IT'S ME!**

BEYONDERS OWN THE EARTH!

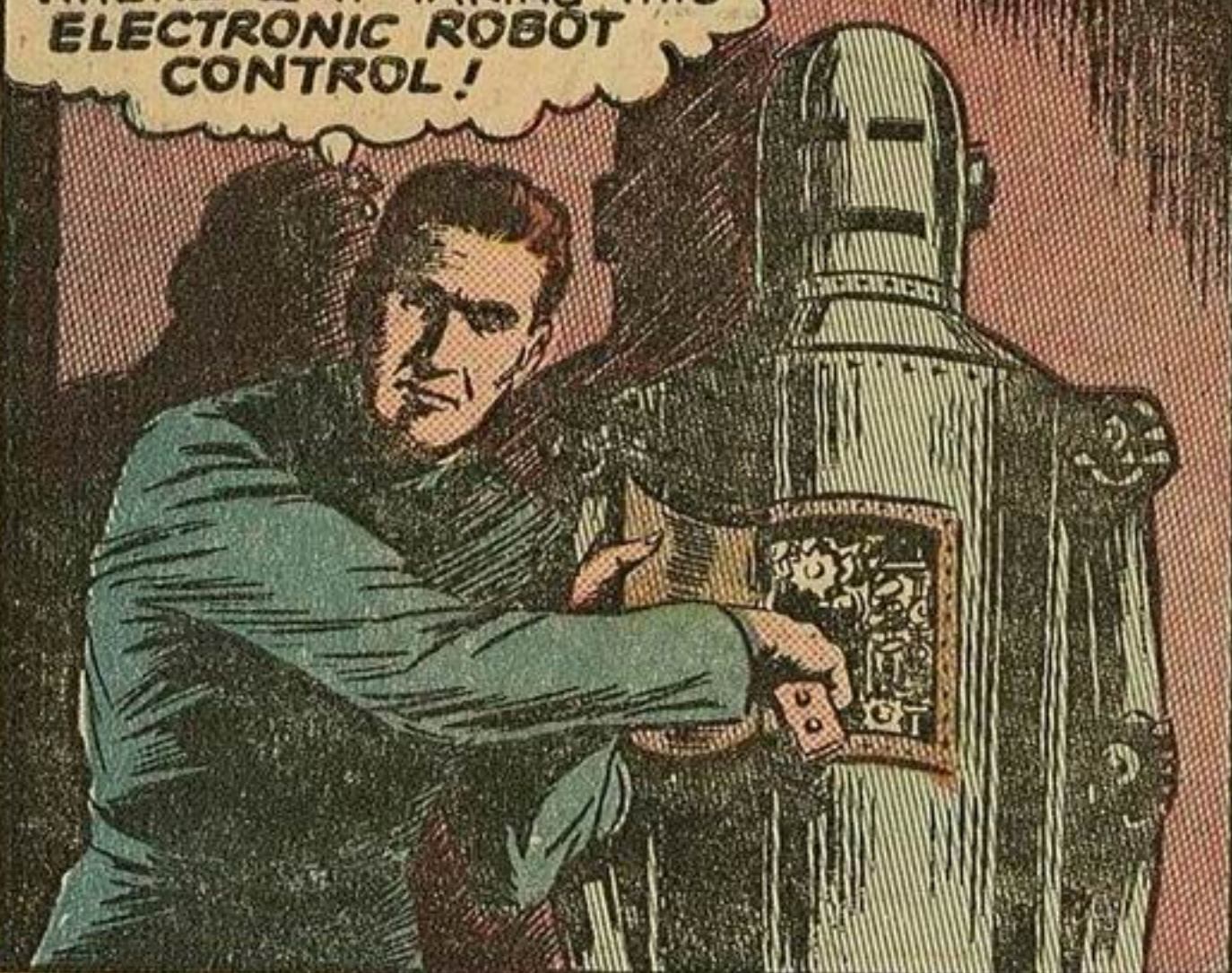
BEYONDERS OWN THE EARTH!

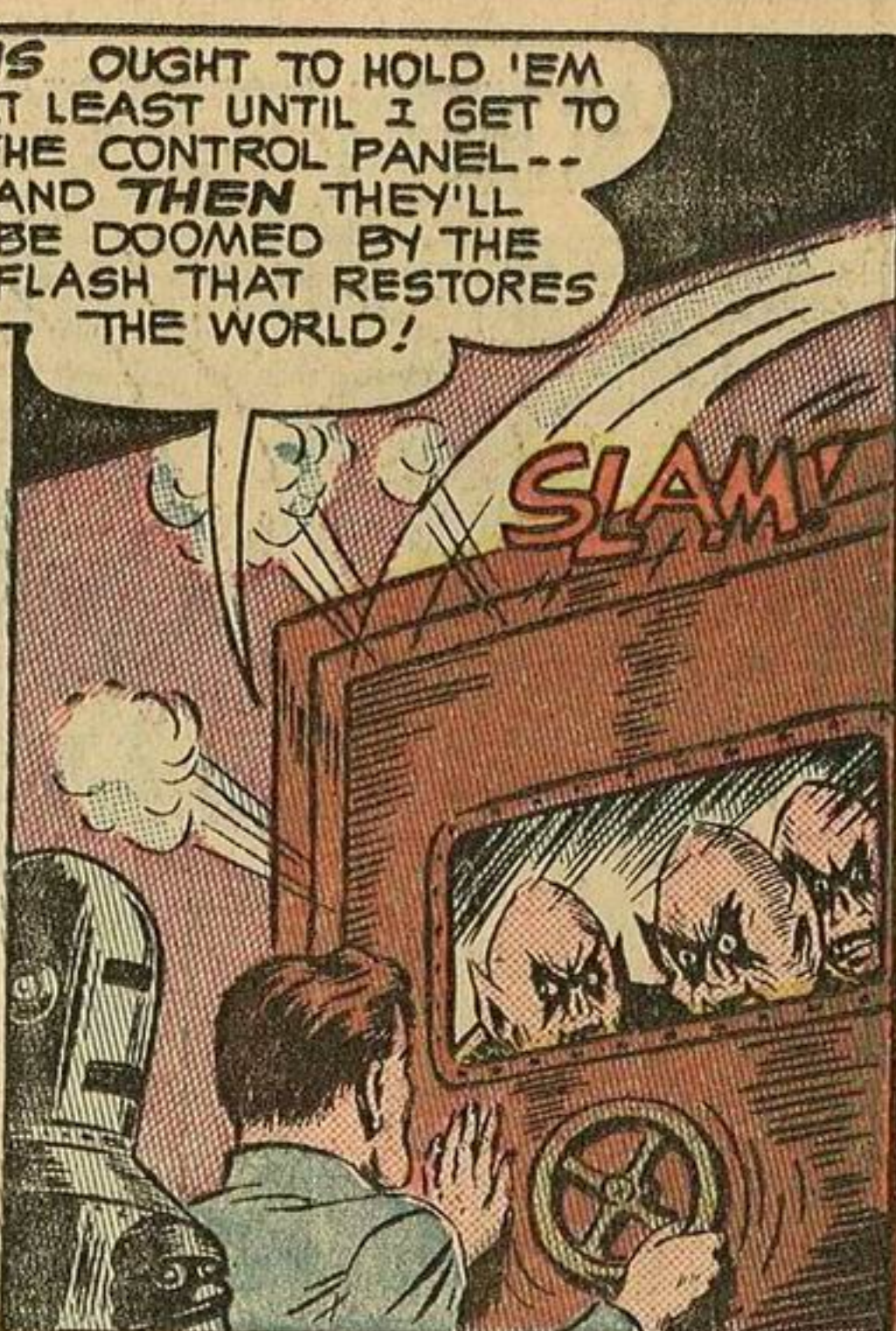
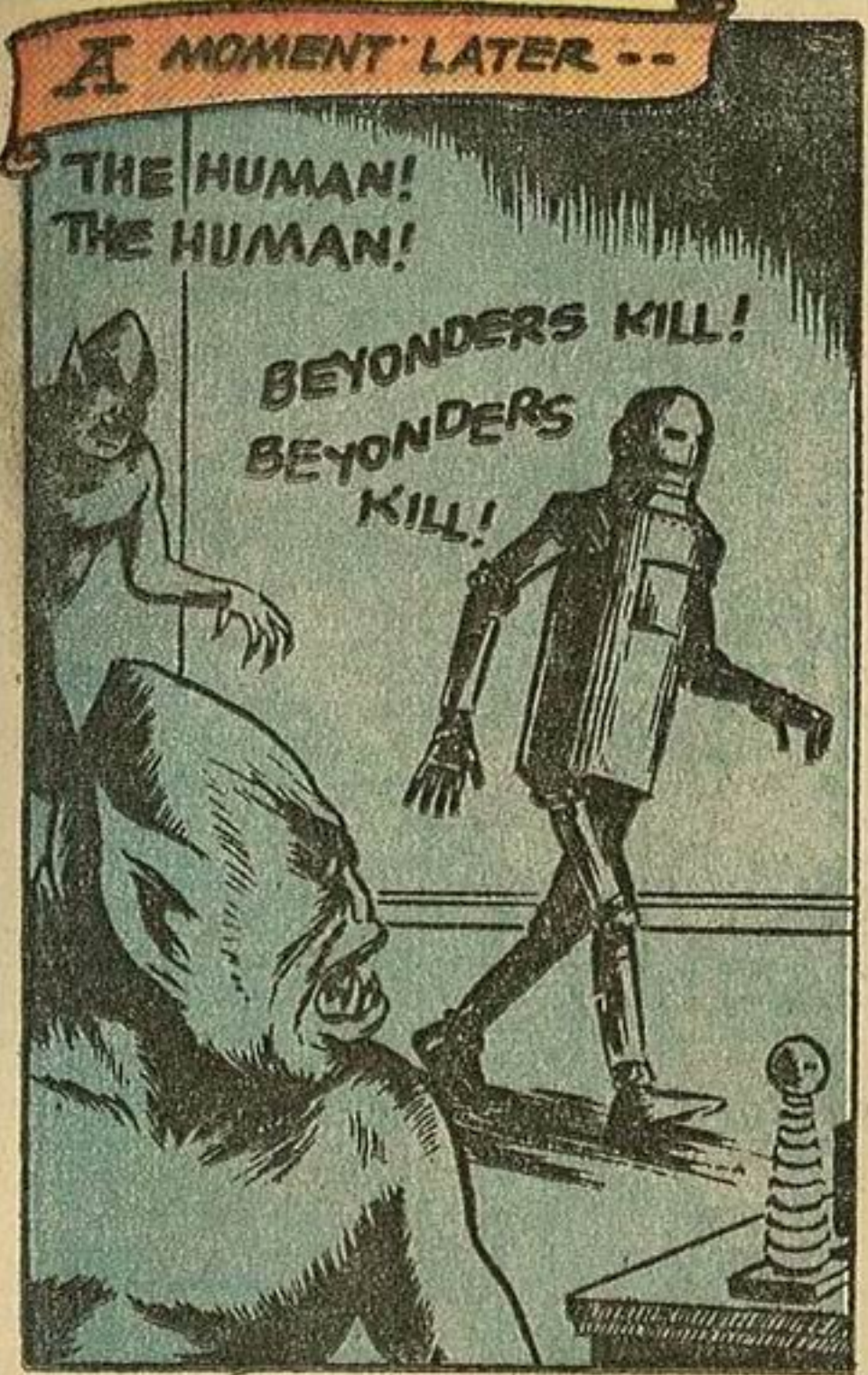


THEN-- WITH THE HOARSE BREATHING OF THE BEYONDERS RASPING FROM THE SHADOWS--

THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED ME YET! GOOD THING IT'S NEARLY DARK OVER AT THE RADIOACTIVE VAULT-- BECAUSE **THAT'S** WHERE I'M TAKING THIS **ELECTRONIC ROBOT CONTROL!**

SO FAR-- SO GOOD! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THOSE CREEPS REACT-- WHEN THE ROBOT PLODS PAST THEM IN SEMI-DARKNESS!





A MOMENT LATER --

THEN--

THE DARKNESS HAS FOOLED 'EM INTO THINKING I'VE WALKED INTO THE VAULT! NOW--

THIS OUGHT TO HOLD 'EM AT LEAST UNTIL I GET TO THE CONTROL PANEL-- AND THEN THEY'LL BE DOOMED BY THE FLASH THAT RESTORES THE WORLD!

UNEXPECTEDLY-- ONE BEYONDER-- NOT INSIDE!

HOLY SMOKE--THERE GOES THE ROBOT CONTROL!

AS NED MAKES A DESPERATE RUSH--

HUMAN NOT-- DO ANYTHING! -- HUMAN-- DIE!

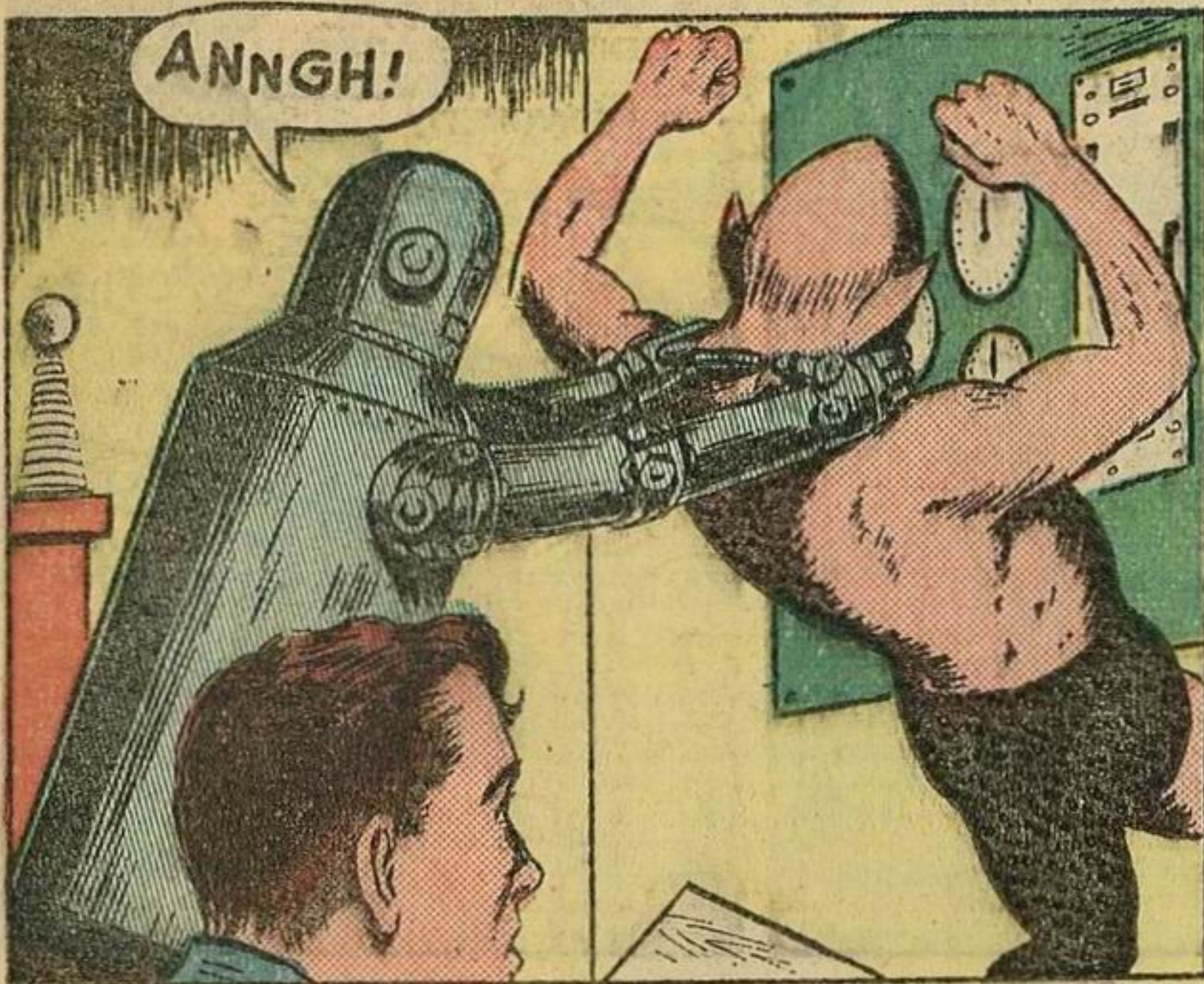
THAT HIDEOUS CREATURE KNOWS WHAT NED'S TRYING TO DO! IT'S READY TO SMASH THE CONTROL PANEL -- THE LAST HOPE OF THE WORLD!

SUDDENLY-- A WEIRD METALLIC GROWL SOUNDS FROM THE SHADOWS!

GOOD LORD--THE ROBOT'S MOVING-- MOVING BY ITSELF! AND THAT GESTURE-- RUBBING THE SIDE OF ITS FACE-- IT'S JUST WHAT DR. WILLARD USED TO DO WHEN HE WAS ANGRY!

AANGH... AANGH!

WITH THE UNSWERVING PURPOSE OF A MACHINE-- A MACHINE
MOTIVATED BY THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN WHO INVENTED IT--



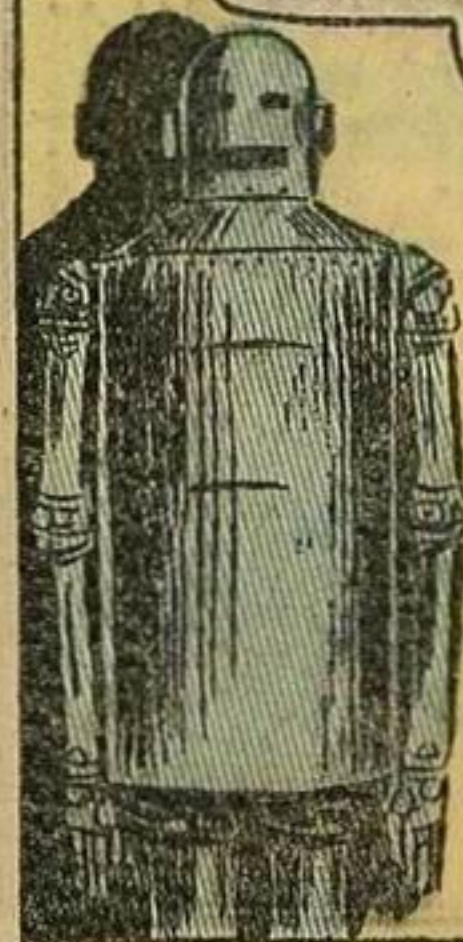
IN THE NEXT INSTANT-- ECHOING THROUGH THE
LABORATORY AND THROUGH THE CITY--
WHEREVER THE STALKING BEYONDERS REEL
INTO THE AGONY OF OBLIVION--



A MOMENT LATER--

THOSE TERRIBLE CREATURES
ARE GONE, NED--THE CYCLOTRON
HAS STARTED A REVERSE
FISSION PROCESS THAT WILL
AFFECT MESONS EVERY-
WHERE-- BUT DID IT
HAPPEN SOON
ENOUGH?

LISTEN! I CAN'T
TRUST MY EARS
AT THIS STAGE--
I WANT TO BE
SURE I'M
REALLY HEARING
THINGS!



NED-- IT'S A BIRD--
SINGING RIGHT
OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW!



I HAD A QUEER
FEELING A WHILE
BACK, CASSIDY--
JUST A KIND
OF FLASH IN
FRONT OF MY
EYES!

YEAH--
SO DID I!
PROBABLY
THE WEATHER--
BUT WHY
COMPLAIN--
WE'RE
ALIVE,
AREN'T
WE?



ALIVE! NED--WE'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO EXPLAIN
WHAT A
CLOSE
CALL IT
WAS!

NOPE--WE'RE
THE ONLY ONES
WHO KNOW HOW
CLOSELY LIFE HUNG IN
THE BALANCE, HONEY--
WHEN THE BEYONDERS
TOOK OVER FOR A RULE
OF HORROR--THE DAY
THE WORLD DIED!



Circe, the SORCERESS

GUY BROOKS PAUSED for breath halfway up to the summit of Mount Circeo, and took out the little notebook he always carried with him. "Mount Circeo," he began writing, "isolated promontory on south-west coast of Italy. Surrounded by sea on all sides except north. Summit shrouded by fog. Air of mystery broods over crags, producing a feeling of eerie menace..."

Involuntarily, Guy shuddered...and then grinned ruefully to himself. It must have been the clammy dampness of the fog that made him shiver, he thought. It *couldn't* have been the uncanny atmosphere of the place. Guy Brooks wasn't the type to be frightened by his own words or the warning tales of superstitious natives...not after having traveled all over the world in the last dozen years, hunting up ancient legends of witchcraft and investigating remote, supposedly haunted locales which he later used as the basis for his stories of the supernatural.

But, Guy had to admit as he glanced once more around the fog-shrouded slopes, this locale was the *eeriest* of all he had ever visited. There *was* a weird air of menace hanging over the place. No wonder all the Italian natives at the foot of the mountain had warned him against ascending. They had babbled wildly that Circe, the legendary Greek sorceress who could turn human beings into swine, was living atop the mountain, still using her fiendish power against strangers and tourists who wandered unknowingly into her domain.

And come to think of it, that distant sound of waves breaking against the cliffs *might* be the sound of a large pen of pigs grunting rhythmically and in unison.

For a moment, Guy was almost tempted to turn and run...but his cynicism finally won out, and he merely laughed out loud instead. This *was* a joke...Guy Brooks,

one of the world's most imaginative writers of fantastic tales, being frightened by his own imagination!

Still laughing at himself, Guy pocketed his notebook and continued climbing up the slope, heading deeper and deeper into the fog. Suddenly, out of the shroud-like mists, there loomed the outline of a crude mountain hut. Astonished that any of the natives had the courage to live on top of Circe's Mountain, Guy advanced and knocked boldly on the door.

A moment later, the door opened...and Guy gasped. For there stood the loveliest, most radiant girl his eyes had ever beheld. She was smiling up at him, a dazzling smile that seemed to entice, to bewitch, to ensnare his very soul. Dazedly, Guy followed the beckoning figure dressed in a shimmering white robe such as the ancient Greeks wore...and then the door slammed shut behind him.

Yearningly, Guy stretched out his hands for the girl...but she only laughed charmingly and stepped back to a table, out of his reach. And when Guy walked after her like a man in a hypnotic trance, she smilingly placed a glass of wine in his hands, took one for herself...and merrily clinked glasses with him. As she sipped at her drink, she looked up at him with eyes that spoke eloquently of love...and entranced, scarcely knowing what he was doing, Guy lifted his glass in a toast to her incomparable beauty...and drank.

But the moment the fiery liquid coursed down his throat, Guy suddenly remembered the ancient legend of how Circe had changed Odysseus' sailors into swine...by making them drink drugged wine. Desperately, Guy tried to regain control of his reeling senses...but the girl laughingly waved a wand at him, and then used the wand to prod her new pig into the pen behind the cabin.

LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

ANCIENT LEGENDS TELL US THAT THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND THE REALM OF THE SPIRITS IS A SLIGHT ONE, AND EASILY CROSSED! HERE'S AN ASTOUNDING TALE THAT SHOWS HOW ONE MAN TRAVELED FROM ONE WORLD TO THE OTHER, NOT ONCE BUT **TWICE!** WE CAN'T GUARANTEE THE ACCURACY OF THE ACCOUNT... BUT WE **CAN** GUARANTEE THAT IT'S AN OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD STORY THAT WILL SET YOU TO WONDERING UNTIL THE END OF YOUR DAYS!

To The Editor of
"Forbidden Worlds".....

This is one letter that's really out of this world because it's being written by a ghost! I'm sure you're familiar with the name of Philip Wentworth, since it was splashed all over the front pages at the time of the famous Wentworth murder case in Miami, and I'm writing you because your is the only publication that would dare to print my incredible story — and dear my name!

IT ALL STARTED THAT DAY I HAD TO INTERRUPT MY SOLITARY FISHING VACATION ON A REMOTE ISLET IN THE FLORIDA KEYS... BECAUSE I HAD RUN OUT OF THE CHLOROQUIN TABLETS WHICH CONTROLLED THE RECURRENT FEVER I'D CONTRACTED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC....

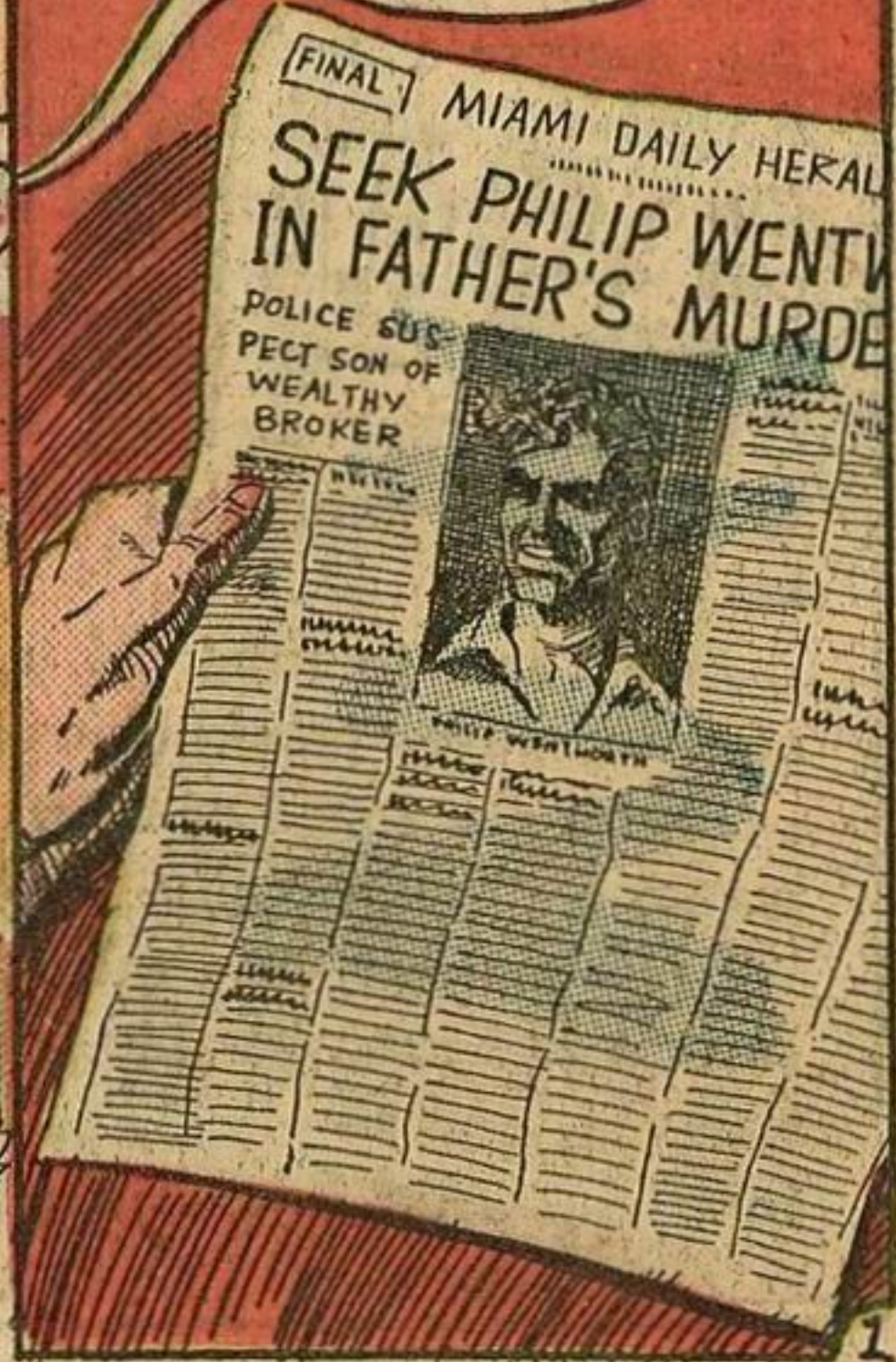
I CAN FEEL THE FEVER SETTING IN! HOPE I CAN GET TO A DRUGSTORE ON THE MAINLAND BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

"AFTER TYING UP AT THE SMALL DOCK WHERE I HAD LEFT MY CAR, I DROVE TO A RAMSHACKLE GAS-STATION TO FILL MY TANK AND THERE"

GREAT SCOTT! THAT NEWS-PAPER... IT'S GOT MY PICTURE!



OHH---
NO!



ROY G. WILLIAMS

"HORRIFIED, I READ ON... TO LEARN THAT I WAS SUSPECTED BECAUSE MY FATHER HAD LEFT ALMOST HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE TO ME, WITH ONLY A PITTANCE TO MY BROTHER RALPH... AND BECAUSE I SEEMED TO BE HIDING OUT, A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE!"

BUT... BUT I TOLD EILEEN WHERE I WAS GOING... WHY DIDN'T SHE TELL THE POLICE? MAYBE SHE BELIEVES I CAME BACK SECRETLY TO COMMIT THE MURDER... MAYBE SHE... SHE WON'T EVEN WANT TO MARRY ME NOW!



"FRANTIC TO LIFT THE MISTS OF SUSPICION FROM MY NAME, I SOON FOUND MYSELF COPING WITH ANOTHER KIND OF MIST... ONE THAT ROSE WITH EERIE, CLAMMY FINGERS FROM ALL SIDES, SURROUNDING ME, CLUTCHING AT ME!"

EVERYTHING'S BECOMING HAZY, UNREAL! IT... IT MUST BE MY FEVER.....



SUDDENLY I FELT MYSELF BEING WRENCHED INTO A WHIRLING, SPIRALLING VORTEX! EXCRUCIATING PAIN SEARED THROUGH ME, AS IF EVERY ATOM OF MY BODY WERE BEING REARRANGED INTO SOME FANTASTIC PATTERN! BLINDED, TERRIFIED, I SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES!"



"I GUESS I LOST MY HEAD THEN! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MY PILLS! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN MY FEVERED BRAIN....."

I... I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MIAMI... AND CLEAR MY NAME WITH THE POLICE AND EILEEN! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS NOW!



THE... THE WORLD'S GONE CRAZY... AS IF IT'S ALL BECOME A MADMAN'S NIGHTMARE! OR IS... IS IT ME WHO'S CRAZY?



"AND THEN, ON THE DIZZYING BORDERLINE BETWEEN REALITY AND DELIRIUM....."

"THE CAR SCREECHED TO A HALT..... AND WHEN I LOOKED UP DAZEDLY..."

OHH... A.. A GHOST!

HUH... ME?



BEWILDERED, I LOOKED DOWN AT MYSELF...AND GASPED IN HORROR!

YE GODS! I-I'M TRANSPARENT!



"WAS THIS SOME INSANE HALLUCINATION, BROUGHT ON BY THE FEVER? STUNNED, I STEPPED OUT OF THE CAR...AND SEEMED TO FLOAT WEIGHTLESSLY DOWN! AND THEN, AS I NEARED A LOW-HANGING BRANCH, I KNEW THE AWFUL TRUTH....!"



IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH ME... AND I FELT NOTHING AT ALL! I-I'M BODILESS!



YOU SEEM TO BE FLESH AND BLOOD...MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENED! WHERE AM I...AND WHY ARE YOU WEARING CLOTHES LIKE THAT?

BECAUSE THESE WERE THE CLOTHES I WAS WEARING WHEN I DIED!



IT WAS THEN THAT THE FIRST FAINT GLIMMER OF UNDERSTANDING DAWNED HORRIBLY IN MY MIND!

I-I SEE NOW THAT THIS ISN'T A HALLUCINATION BROUGHT ON BY MY FEVER! I'M DIFFERENT FROM YOU BECAUSE I'M NOT REALLY DEAD, BECAUSE I DON'T REALLY BELONG IN THIS SPIRIT WORLD! AND JUST AS SPIRITS ARE TRANSPARENT AND GHOSTLY WHEN THEY STUMBLE INTO THE REAL WORLD OF THE LIVING, SO LIVING HUMANS APPEAR TO BE SHADOWY IN THE SPIRIT WORLD! BUT HOW...HOW DID I STUMBLE INTO THIS WORLD?



YOU-YOU MEAN...THIS IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

YES, BUT ONLY FOR THOSE WHO **WILLINGLY** LOST THEIR LIVES AT SOME TIME! IT'S ALL IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ANCIENT BIBLICAL PROPHECY THAT HE WHO LOSETH HIS LIFE SHALL FIND IT! BUT...BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE...WHY ARE YOU SO...SO GHOSTLY?



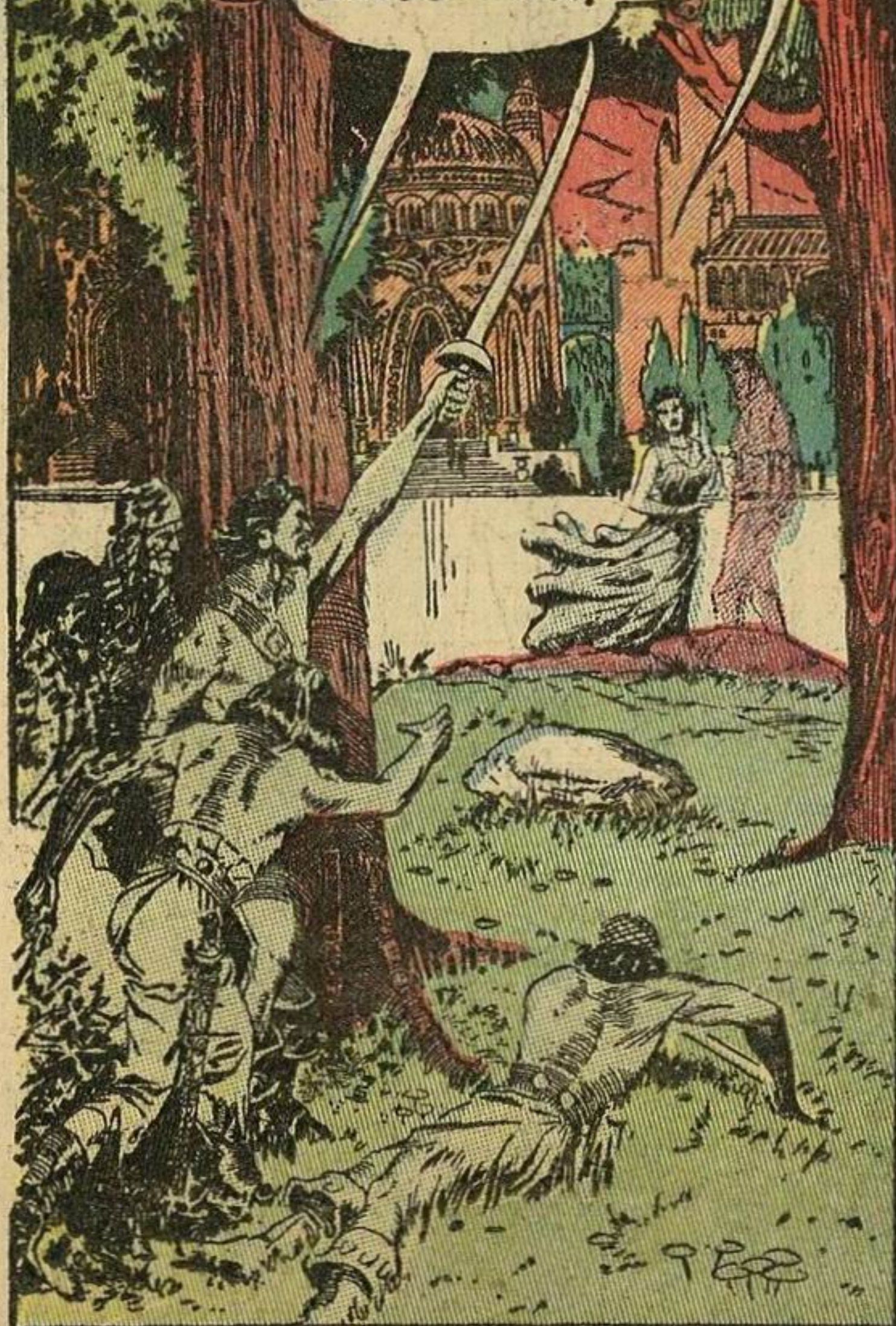
I REMEMBER HEARING OF OTHERS LIKE YOU WHO BLUNDERED INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD! THEY WERE IN THE GRIP OF DELIRIUM OR RAGING FEVERS....SO I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN **YOUR** PRESENCE HERE! THE SPIRIT WORLD AND THE REAL WORLD INTERSECT AT SOME POINTS, BUT NO ONE IN THE REAL WORLD CAN RECOGNIZE THE POINT OF INTERSECTION! NO ONE EXCEPT THOSE IN THE GRIP OF DELIRIUM OR FEVER, WHO ARE MENTALLY ATTUNED TO THE UN-REAL WORLD AROUND THEM, AND SO ARE DRAWN RIGHT INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD!



"JUST THEN..."

OH H...
PIRATES!

THERE'S ANOTHER
HOSTAGE, ME LADS!
SEIZE HER!



THEY... THEY'RE AS TERRIBLE IN DEATH AS THEY
WERE IN LIFE... AND SINCE THEY HAVE NO NEED
FOR MONEY ANYMORE, THEY GO AROUND SEEK-
ING HOSTAGES ONLY TO KILL THEM!

WELL, THEY CAN'T KILL ME!
THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO
A BODILESS SPIRIT...
BUT THERE'S PLENTY
I CAN DO TO
THEM!



THE-THE BULLETS GO RIGHT
THROUGH 'IM... THERE'S
NO WAY OF STOPPIN' 'IM!

A... A
GHOST!



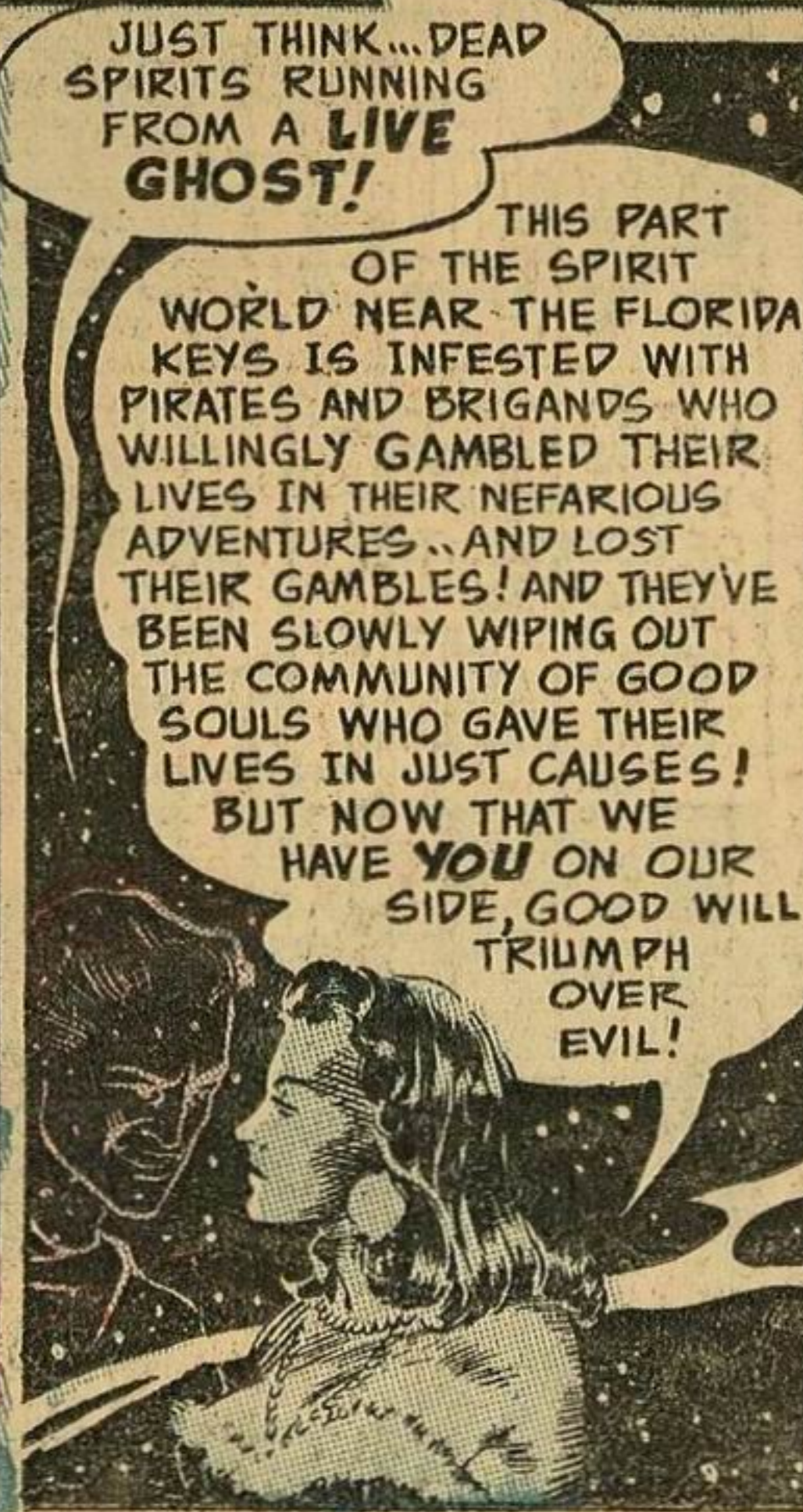
AYE... BUT BULLETS
STOP YOU!

RUN FOR
YER LIVES!



JUST THINK... DEAD
SPIRITS RUNNING
FROM A **LIVE
GHOST!**

THIS PART
OF THE SPIRIT
WORLD NEAR THE FLORIDA
KEYS IS INFESTED WITH
PIRATES AND BRIGANDS WHO
WILLINGLY GAMBLERED THEIR
LIVES IN THEIR NEFARIOUS
ADVENTURES... AND LOST
THEIR GAMBLERES! AND THEY'VE
BEEN SLOWLY WIPING OUT
THE COMMUNITY OF GOOD
SOULS WHO GAVE THEIR
LIVES IN JUST CAUSES!
BUT NOW THAT WE
HAVE **YOU** ON OUR
SIDE, GOOD WILL
TRIUMPH
OVER
EVIL!



BUT I CAN'T STAY **HERE**....
EVEN THOUGH I'D LIKE TO
HELP YOU! I DON'T BELONG IN
YOUR WORLD... I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK TO MINE! AND BE-
SIDES, YOU'RE ALREADY
DEAD... YOU CAN'T BE KILLED
AGAIN IN THE SPIRIT WORLD,
EVEN BY PIRATES!

BUT SPIRITS **CAN** DIE
AGAIN! AND IF WE DIE
IN THE SPIRIT WORLD,
THERE'S NO OTHER WORLD
FOR US TO GO TO... WE'RE
REALLY DEAD THEN...
FOR ETERNITY!



I WAS HOPING YOU'D STAY HERE...NOT ONLY BECAUSE YOU COULD HELP US SO MUCH, BUT BECAUSE I'M AFRAID I'D **MISS** YOU IF YOU WENT!

I CAN'T RESIST YOU WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! ALL RIGHT...I'LL STAY AND HELP! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG TO GET RID OF THE PIRATES WITH MY GHOSTLY POWERS!

"MAUREEN.....THAT WAS THE GIRL'S NAME...TOOK ME TO A MEETING OF THE GOOD SPIRITS, AND THERE....."

AYE, THE PIRATES HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE OLD FORT AT POINT LAGOS...AND THEY STORE ALL THEIR ARMS AND AMMUNITION IN THE GREAT UNDERGROUND CELLAR THERE!

GOOD! THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!

"LATER..."

BEING BODILESS CERTAINLY HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS...LIKE BEING ABLE TO WALK RIGHT THROUGH STONE WALLS!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGGER **SOME** WAY O' GETTIN' RID O' THAT GHOST.....

YOU'RE **TOO LATE**, BOYS!

"I CAME THROUGH IT ALL UNSCATHED, OF COURSE...THE EXPLOSION COULDN'T HURT MY BODY WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE ANY! THEN...."

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, FOLKS.... THOSE PIRATES WILL NEVER BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN IN **ANY** WORLD! AND NOW.....I'LL BE TAKING OFF FOR **MY** WORLD!

OH...**NO!** YOU.. YOU CAN'T GO!

BOOM!

THIS WORLD WILL SEEM
EMPTY WITHOUT YOU,
PHILIP! PLEASE STAY...
...FOR ME!

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL,
MAUREEN....IF I WEREN'T
ENGAGED TO A GIRL BACK
IN MY WORLD, I'D PROBABLY
FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU! BUT
I'VE GOT TOO MANY TIES TO
MY OWN WORLD...AND BESIDES,
I COULD NEVER REALLY BE
HAPPY HERE AS A BODILESS
SPIRIT! I **MUST** LEAVE
YOU...MUCH AS I HATE TO!



"BACK AT THE SPOT WHERE I'D LEFT MY CAR..."

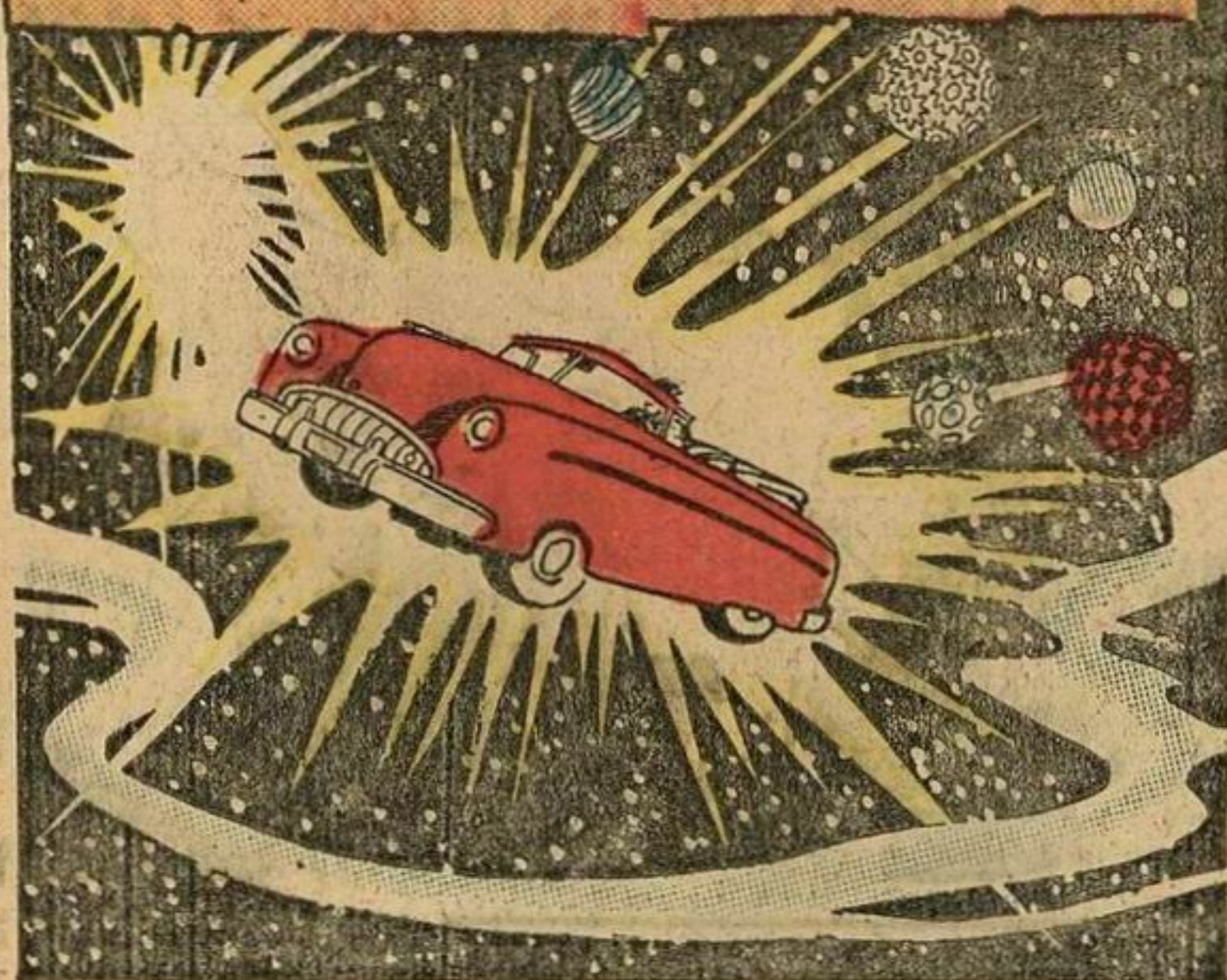
THE ENGINE WASN'T HURT WHEN I
BLUNDERED INTO THIS WORLD...AND
I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET
OUT OF IT!



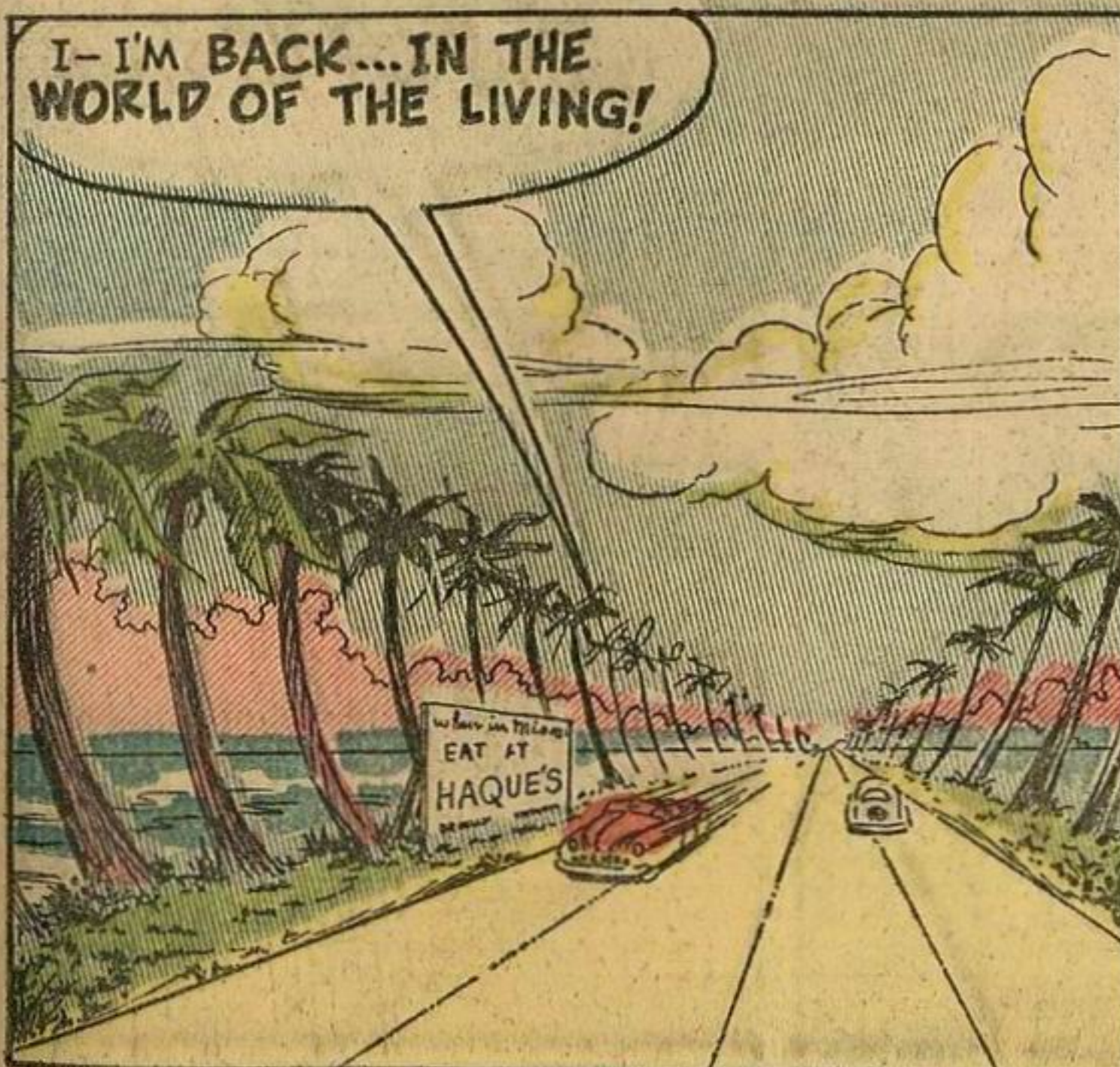
APPARENTLY THIS SPIRIT WORLD DOESN'T HAVE
ANY DISEASES, BECAUSE MY FEVER HASN'T
BOTHERED ME HERE...SO I'LL HAVE TO USE
A DIFFERENT METHOD TO GET OUT OF HERE!
ACCORDING TO ALL THE OLD LEGENDS, THE
SUREST WAY TO GET BACK TO YOUR ORIG-
INAL DIMENSION IS TO **WISH** HARD
ENOUGH TO DO SO! AND I'VE GOT PLENTY
OF REASONS FOR WANTING TO GET BACK....
TO EILEEN, TO A WORLD
WHERE I WAS LOVED AND
HAPPY AND WEALTHY.....



**"AND WHEN I REACHED THE POINT WHERE I HAD
ORIGINALLY ENTERED THE SPIRIT WORLD-SUD-
DENLY, THE WHIRLING, SPIRALLING VORTEX AGAIN!"**



I-I'M BACK...IN THE
WORLD OF THE LIVING!



NOW TO GET TO DAD'S PENTHOUSE
IN MIAMI! RALPH OUGHT TO BE
HOME, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO
CALL EILEEN FROM THERE! BUT
I'D BETTER HURRY...I'M BEGIN-
NING TO FEEL THE FEVER
CREEPING UP ON ME AGAIN!



AWARE THAT THE POLICE MIGHT BE WATCHING THE HOUSE FOR MY RETURN, I STOLE UP TO THE PENTHOUSE IN THE SERVICE ELEVATOR... AND THERE, OUTSIDE THE WENTWORTH APARTMENT..."

OH, RALPH—IT'S SO WONDERFUL BEING IN YOUR ARMS AGAIN! I WAS GETTING SO TIRED OF PLAYING UP TO THAT STUPID BROTHER OF YOURS, PRETENDING I LOVED HIM!

WELL, THAT'S ALL OVER WITH NOW, EILEEN! I'VE LEFT ENOUGH CLUES TO IMPLICATE HIM IN FATHER'S DEATH—SO THAT IF PHIL EVER **DOES** RETURN, HE'S SURE TO BE CONVICTED OF THE MURDER I COMMITTED! AND **WE'LL** HAVE ALL THE WENTWORTH DOUGH!

PHIL!

SO, **THIS** IS THE KIND OF WORLD I WANTED SO DESPERATELY TO COME BACK TO...A WORLD IN WHICH I WAS BETRAYED BY MY BROTHER AND SWEET-HEART! I-I SHOULD HAVE **STAYED** IN THAT SPIRIT WORLD!

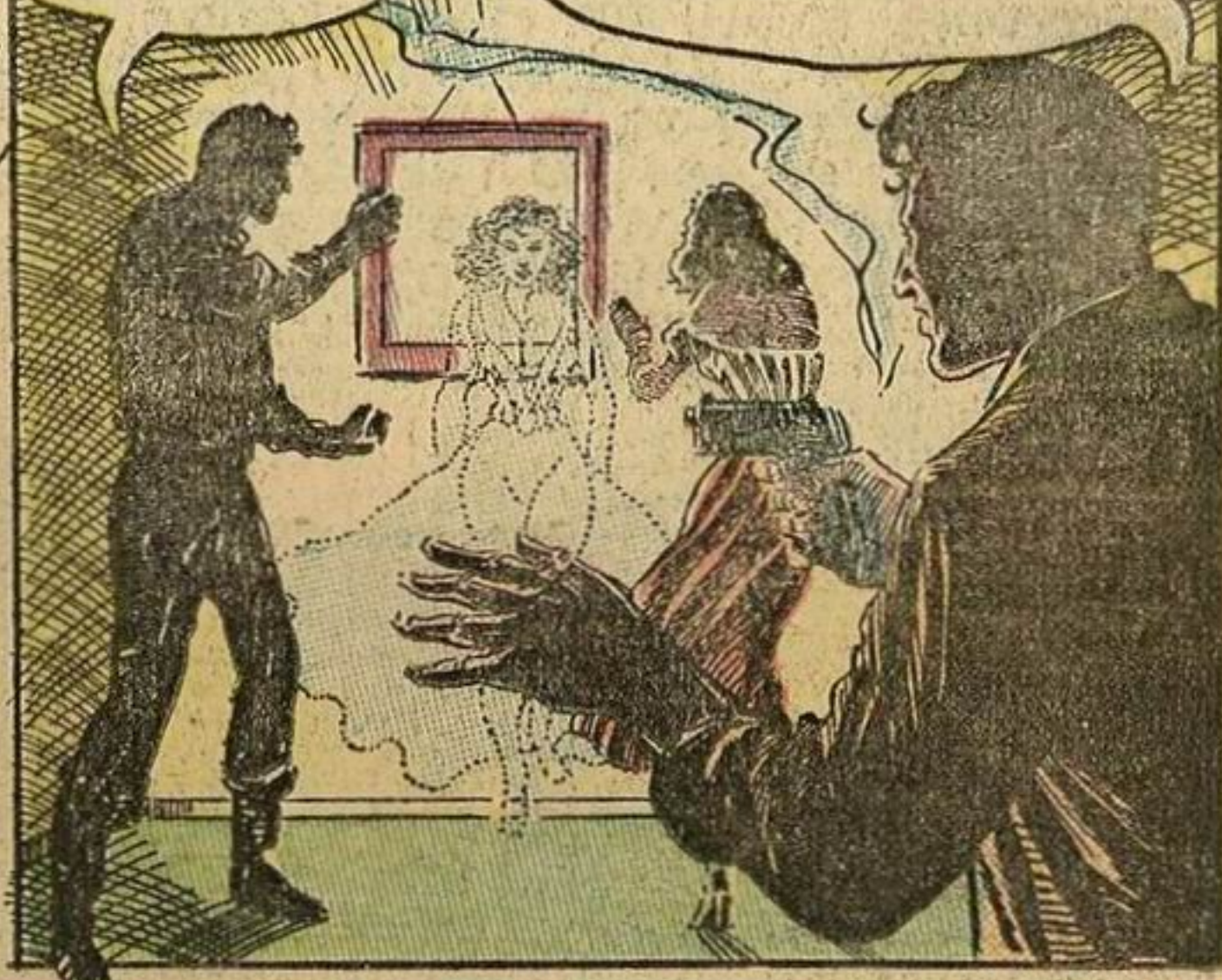


I DON'T KNOW WHAT SPIRIT WORLD YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...BUT YOU'RE SURE GOING **BACK** TO IT! AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I CAN TELL THE COPS YOU CAME HERE THREATENING TO KILL ME...AND EILEEN WILL TESTIFY THAT I ACTED ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE!

RALPH...
L-LOOK!

MAUREEN!

IT...IT'S A **GHOST!**
GET OUT OF THE WAY,
EILEEN...I'M GOING TO SHOOT!



THE —THE SHOTS WENT RIGHT THROUGH HER!

OHHHHH!

BANG!

BANG!



NOW YOU HAVE **TWO** MURDERS ON YOUR CONSCIENCE...AND FOR THAT, YOU MUST **DIE!**

NO...NO...GET AWAY FROM ME!



I-I **HAD** TO HIDE IN YOUR CAR AND COME WITH YOU, PHILIP! I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU IN THE SPIRIT WORLD, AND COULDN'T BEAR TO LOSE YOU! BUT I FORGOT THAT IN YOUR REAL WORLD, I WOULD BE GHOSTLY AND BODILESS!



NEVER MIND, MAUREEN...I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THAT! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME HERE...I KNOW WHERE MY HAPPINESS LIES NOW...IN **YOUR** WORLD! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY...MY FEVER IS GETTING STRONGER!

BACK ON THE ROAD OUT OF MIAMI —

ALL RIGHT, PHIL...I'VE GOT THE PAD AND PENCIL FROM YOUR GLOVE COMPARTMENT...BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO WRITE?

THIS...TO THE EDITOR OF **'FORBIDDEN WORLDS'**... THIS IS ONE LETTER THAT'S **REALLY** OUT OF THIS WORLD BECAUSE IT'S BEING WRITTEN BY A **GHOST!**...



NOW DON'T FORGET, SON... JUST DROP THAT ENVELOPE INTO THE FIRST MAILBOX YOU COME TO! AND THAT TEN DOLLARS IS FOR **YOU!**

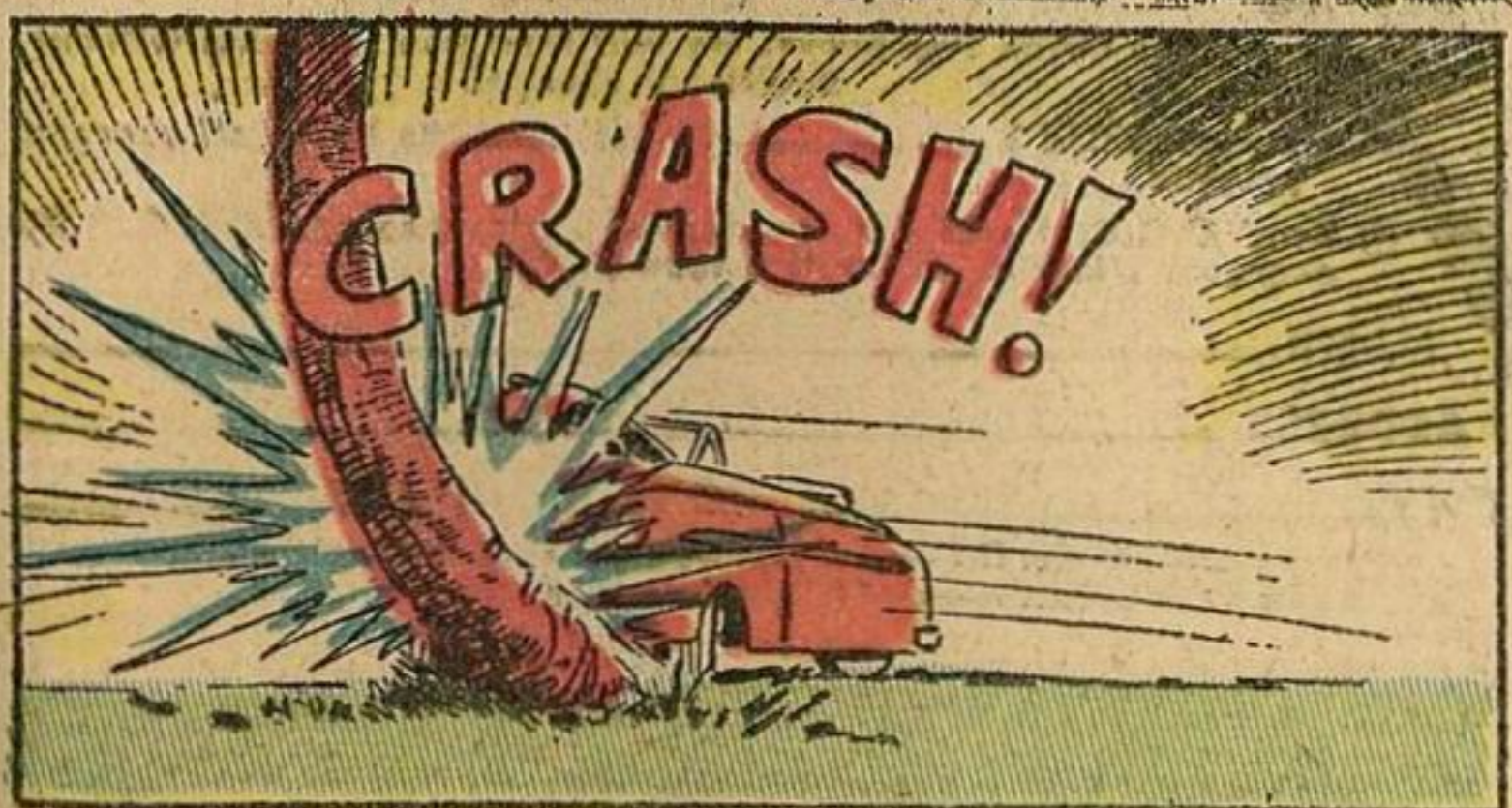


Y...YESSIR! I...I'D DO IT FOR YA FOR **NOTHIN'!**...NOW THAT I'VE SEEN MY FUST, HONEST-TO-GOODNESS **GHOST!**

MY...MY FEVER...IT'S MAKING EVERYTHING MISTY AND UNREAL AGAIN! WE MUST BE CLOSE TO THE INTERSECTION OF THE TWO WORLDS, MAUREEN...AND I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO! I'M GOING TO CRASH THE CAR INTO A TREE RIGHT ON THE BORDERLINE OF THE SPIRIT WORLD...SO THAT WHEN THE CAR CARRIES US OVER THE BOUNDARY, WE'LL **BOTH** BE FULL-BODIED SPIRITS!



I-I UNDERSTAND, DARLING! AND THEN WE'LL BE TOGETHER...**FOR ETERNITY!**



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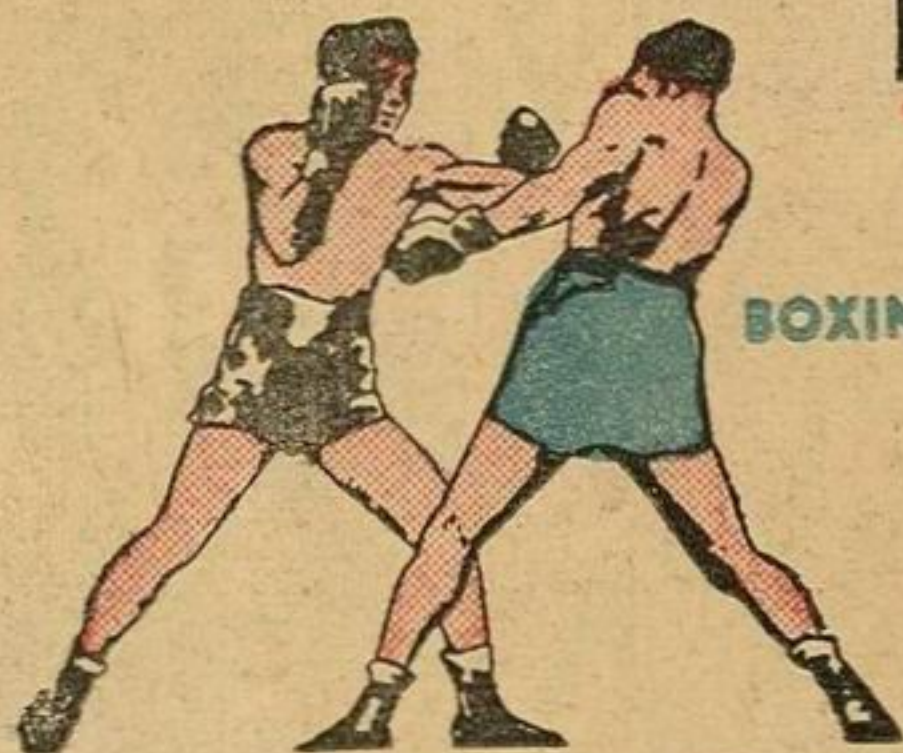
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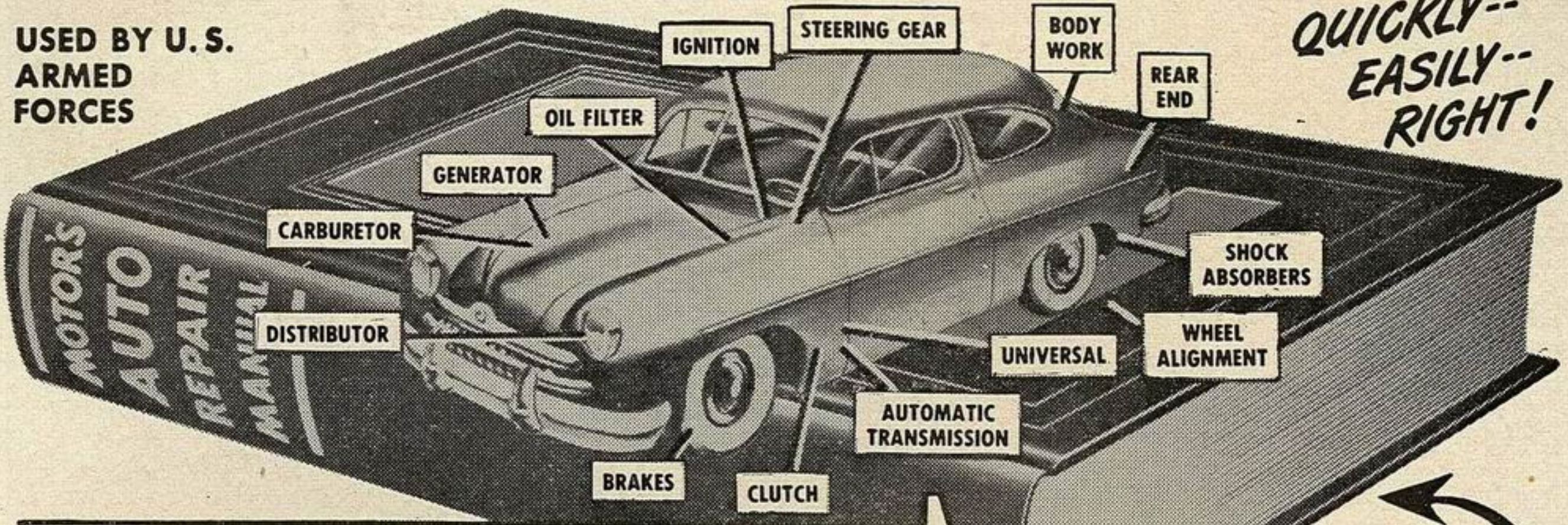
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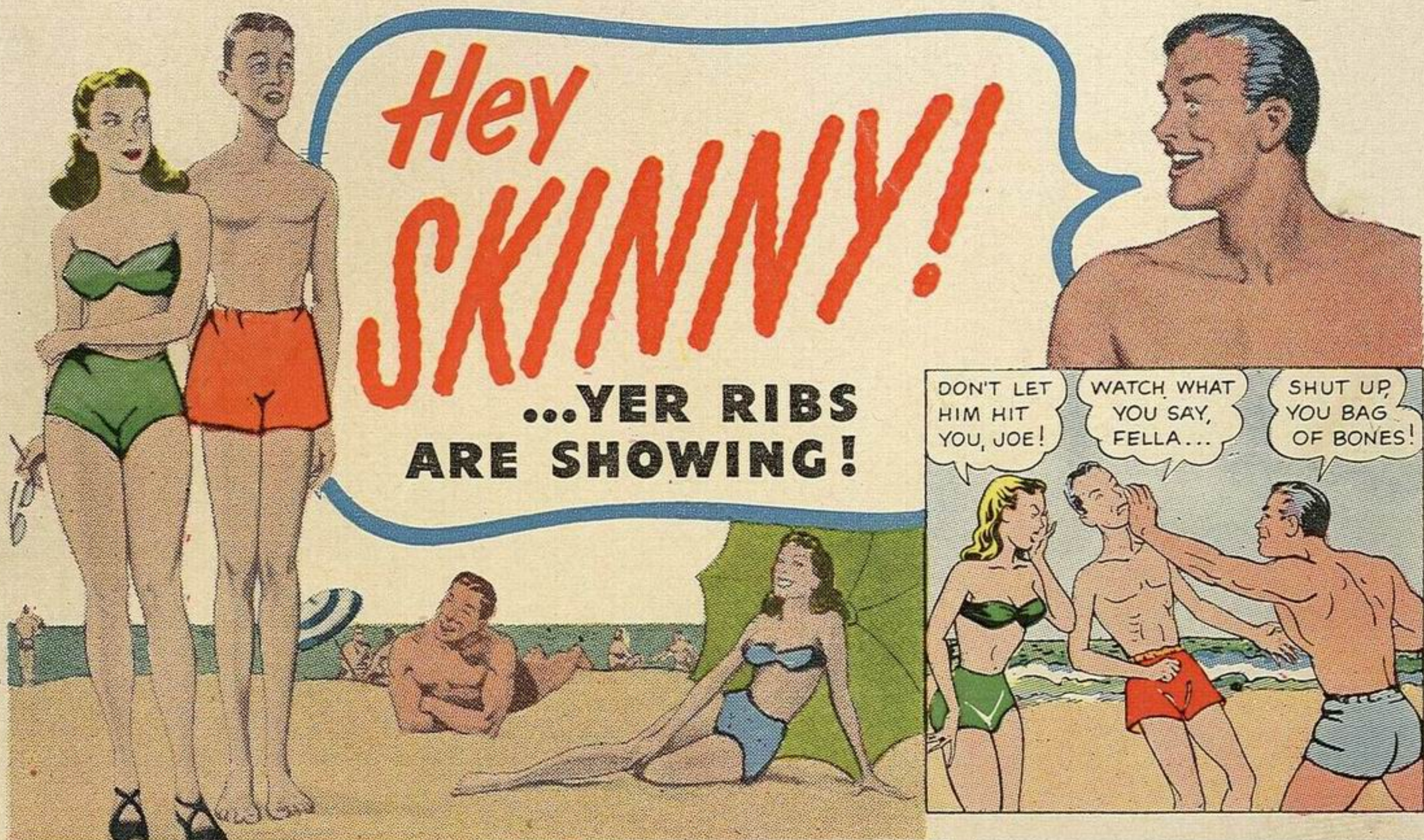
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